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The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING.

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"THANKS TO YOU"

Every day for a month of Sundays,
Saturdays, Tuesdays, Fridays, Mondays,
Jack had pondered the various means
And methods pertaining to grinding machines,
Until he was sure he could build a wheel
That, given the sort of dam that's proper,
Would only need some corn in the hopper
To turn out very respectable meal.

Jerry and Jane and Jo, and the others,
Jack's incredulous sisters and brothers,
Gave him credit for good intentions,
But took no stock in the boy's inventions.
In fact they laughed them quite to scorn;
Instead of wasting his time, they said,
He would be more likely to earn his bread
Planting potatoes or hoeing corn!

Bessie alone, when all the rest
Crushed his spirit with gibe and jest,
Whispered softly, "Whatever they say,
I know you will build the wheel some day!"
Chirping crickets and singing birds
Were not so sweet as her heartsome words;
Straight he answered, "If ever I do,
I know it will only be thanks to you!"

Many a time sore heart and brain
Leap at a word, grown strong again.
Thanks to her, as the story goes,
Hope and courage in Jack arose;
Till one bright day in the meadow-brook
There was heard a sound as of water plashing,
And Bessie watched with her happy look
The little wheel in the sunlight flashing.

By and by as the years were fraught
With fruit of his earnest toil and thought,
Brothers and sisters changed their tune;—
"Our Jack," they cried, will be famous soon!"
Which was nothing more than Bessie knew,
She said, and had known it all the while!
But Jack replied with a kiss and a smile,
"If ever I am, it is thanks to you!"

—*Mary E. Bradley, St. Nicholas for September.*

SUMMER'S DONE.

Thinner the leaves of the larches show,
Motionless held in the languid air;
Fainter by ways ides the sweet briars grow,
Wide bloom laying their gold hearts bare.
Languishing one by one:
Summer is almost done.

Deeper-hued roses have long since died;
Silent the birds through the white mist fly;
Down of the thistles, by hot suns dried,
Covers with pale fleece vines growing nigh:
Little brooks calmer run:
Summer is almost done.

Later the flush of the sunrise sweeps,
Shortening the reign of the slow-coming day;
Earlier shade of the twilight creeps
Over the swallows skimming away;
Crickets their notes have begun:
Summer is almost done.

Darkened to mourning the sad-colored beech;
Empty the nests in its purple boughs lie;
Something elusive we never can reach
Deepens the glory of day's going by;
Aftermath lies in the sun:
Summer is almost done.

Child! why regret that the summer must go?
Sweet lies the aftermath left in the sun;
Lives that are earnest more beautiful grow
Out of a childhood in beauty begun:
Harvests of gold can be won
Only—*when summer is done?*

—*Mrs. L. C. Whiton, in Wide Awake.*

BOTH LOST AND FOUND.

"Joshua," said Farmer Easton's wife, looking up from her knitting, "hadn't you better fix up the fire a little? It's getting low, and we ought to keep it warm for Nellie: she'll be well nigh froze agin she gets home."

"I tell you, mother," said the old man, laying aside his weekly paper, over which he had been nodding for some time, and beginning to rake out the bed of red-hot coals, preparatory to putting on a log; "I don't much like the idea of our Nell a galavanting around the country with that young city chap. It must be nigh on to ten o'clock and they not come from singing-school yet."

"Hark Joshua, I believe I hear 'em a coming now," said the wife, inclining her head forward, and listening intently while the silvery chime of the sleigh-bells, ringing out upon the still night air, came nearer and nearer. and stopped at last in front of the house.

"Yes, that's them; go unbar the door, father, and let 'em in."

Nellie Easton was the only child of these plain but well-to-do people. They had given her every advantage, and she was now an accomplished, fascinating girl. She was of medium height, inclined to be petite in form, had an alluring face, with a low, broad brow, from which were pushed back clustering masses of nut-brown hair. Her eyes were gray, and possessed the power of showing to a wonderful extent the feelings of the owner.

The "city chap" was Lloyd Whitlow, who was a model of masculine beauty, was thoroughly educated, and passed among those who knew him as "a very good sort of a fellow." He had come in the early summer-time to fish and hunt in that wild and quiet country place; he had met sweet Nellie Easton, won her heart, and had given her the keeping of his own. His home was in a distant city, with an aged, eccentric uncle, who had made him heir to his vast estates; threatening, however, to change the will if he heard of Lloyd's attempting to marry before he, the uncle, died.

Nellie was one of those kind of women who would be true to the death to the man she loved; so, for fear of ruining Lloyd's prospects, she would not even let her parents know how affairs stood between them. The moon was shining brightly, and Mr. Easton opened the door in time to see Nellie's lover kiss her good-night, jump in his sleigh and drive off. The girl stood and watched him down the lane, out into the high-road, up the little hill and out of sight.

"My goodness! Nellie, do come in," called the father, impatiently. "You'll freeze to death out there."

The girl turned and walked slowly down the narrow, snowy path to the house, went in, sat down before the blazing fire in a listless sort of a way, so unnatural to her that the mother asked:

"What's the matter, Nellie?"

"Nothing, mother," with an attempt to smile, and added, in the next breath:

"Mr. Whitlow is going home to-morrow."

"Hope he'll stay there," growled the old farmer. "This thing of having a beau," he went on, viciously poking the fire, "that can't never marry yer till he steps in a dead man's shoes, don't suit me. You'd enough sight better take Hez Sambatch. He'll do a good part by yer."

"Father," said Nellie, going behind the old man's chair, and putting her arms about his neck, "I'll never marry Hez. Why need I marry any one? Can't I stay here with mother and you?"

"You needn't talk that way, little girl," said the father, kissing the face so close to his; "you'll never end yer days on the farm. But go to bed now; it's getting on toward midnight."

So Nellie went; went and dreamed of the letter which she was to get from Lloyd next mail-day; of the letter which did not come. The lonely hours of many long and bitter days slowly faded away, and the shadows of many evenings gathered about Nellie, until the days and evenings formed weeks, and the weeks changed into months; and still waiting was poor Nellie Easton to hear from her absent lover. Time after time had she written to him, and only ceased to write when she learned by inquiry that he had crossed the ocean with his uncle.

In the little world about the Eastons affairs went on about the same as ever; a heart was breaking in their midst, but so quietly did the operation proceed that very few took note of it. There were the usual amount of quilting-bees, wool-pickings and apple-cuttings.

At all these Nellie had before been the reigning belle. Good Mrs. Easton was at loss to know why her neighbors of late so often forgot to include her daughter's name in their invitations to her.

"It's sheer envy, I believe," she would say to Nellie, "because that young Whitlow picked you out above 'em all to wait on."

"I wish to mercy," she would add to herself, "that she'd a never sot eyes on him, though; for I never did see such a change in a girl. She's a mourning herself in the grave after him."

Mrs. Easton decided to go to a quilting and log-rolling one day, to which her daughter had not been invited, in order that she might tell her friends what she thought of their conduct. She could not get the chance she wanted until they sat down to supper.

"Have a piece of cake, Miss Simpkins?" she said, passing a loaf to her neighbor. "It looks enough like the kind Nellie bakes to be good. Taint many that can beat my girl, if I do say it myself, about doing most anything."

The mother looked up and down the table, expecting to see shame depicted on her friends' faces for having slighted her daughter; instead she read only looks of pity from some, and of confusion from the rest. Their looks provoked the mother still more

"And I tell you, one and all," she continued, wrathfully, "if I do say it myself agin, that Nellie Easton is jest as good as any of yer girls, if yer did forgit to invite her to-day."

"There, there, mother Easton," said Mrs. Simpkins in a soothing tone, "I wouldn't say any more about it. We all liked Nellie, and used to think well of her."

"And why don't yer now?" She asked, shoving back from the table. "Is it because yer all envy her so?"

"Come here a minute, Mrs. Easton," called the hostess, getting up and going into the next room.

The woman whispered a few words in the mother's ear, which sent her staggering across the room like one drunken. Not one word did she utter, but went to the door, beckoned out her husband, and hurried on out of the house ahead of him. When he caught up to her and asked what was wrong, he scarcely recognized the voice that answered:

"Our Nellie has gone astray!"

"It's a lie!" thundered the old man.

The mother was silent. Incident after incident came thronging back to her, which, put together, made an unbroken chain of evidence against her daughter.

Farmer Easton went up alone to his child; she was lying on the lounge asleep. A picture of Lloyd Whitlow was on the floor beside her, where it had fallen out of her hand.

"Nellie!" called the father, shaking her; "Nellie, wake up!"

She opened her eyes, and looked around bewildered.

"Say, Nell," said the old man, in a high, harsh voice, "do you know what people are saying about you?"

An ashy pallor crept over her face, but she made no answer.

"They say, Nell, that you are to become a mother to Lloyd Whitlow's child. It's not so, is it, Nell?"

There was a chord of grief in the old man's voice that did not escape Nellie's notice. It added to her unutterable anguish. With a moan of pain, like a wounded animal at bay, she threw herself upon the floor, hiding her face over the picture of the man that had brought all this upon her.

"Why don't you speak, girl? Is this thing true?"

Still no answer.

"You needn't lie groveling there, if it is. This house can't shelter such as that," said the old man, white with rage.

The words reached the poor, half-stunned creature, who arose and passed from her father's presence out into the darkness, out into the raging storm and piercing cold, alone and unprotected.

Mrs. Easton heard the loud tones of her husband, and, determined to shield her daughter, hurried to her room. The father was alone.

"Where's Nellie?"

Mr. Easton pointed out of the open door.

"Oh, father, how could you turn our child out on such a night as this? You and I could scarcely make it home, and we came such a little way. And she will seek no shelter. She will be dead before morning. Oh, my child! my child!"

"Nellie!" she shrieked, running out of the house, down the lane to the highway; "Nellie, come back."

In vain the mother called and called. Hurrying back to the house, she grasped her husband by the arm and said, in a voice that he felt compelled to obey:

"We must go back to the house we just came from and get the men to search for her. She can't get very far away in this storm."

And so, within two hours, she was found; found on the road-side, insensible, and found not many minutes too soon, either. Most of those who saw her when she was brought to the house where the gathering had been that day—it being the nearest shelter—thought her dead. There was not one in all that crowd whose heart did not ache over the sufferings of the poor girl and the agony of the parents.

Nellie's eyelids, pressed down so heavily upon the white cheeks that Death himself might have laid his eternal seal on, were raised at last, and the gray eyes, with their untold depths of sorrow, rested upon the crowd of faces about her. She turned her head away, and reaching toward her mother, sobbed: "I have suffered so much, Oh, mother, mother, why didn't you let me die?"

And then, after a little pause, she added:

"I will tell you now. It seemed such a shallow story that I could not tell you before, not even to-night, when father was so angry. And I knew that you would all say such hard things about Lloyd; and I felt as though I could not bear it; so I have kept putting it off until now. Early last fall Lloyd took me to the city, and we were married by a friend of his, whose name I do not remember. We both decided to keep our marriage a secret as long as we could. When we found it must be told Lloyd said he would go first and confess it to his uncle, hoping thus to be forgiven, and he would return for me. If his uncle cast him off we were to tell you then and ask for a home on the farm. He has never come back; never answered one of my letters. On inquiry I learned he was travelling in Europe. Where he is now I cannot tell."

"Lloyd! Oh, Lloyd!" the poor thing sobbed, "you have forsaken me, but I cannot hate you. You have made my name a by-word among my friends, but I love you still; and, father and mother, forgive me, but I would leave you both to-night and follow him to the uttermost part of the earth to hear him say once more, as he used to, 'Nellie, little wife, I love you.' But I shall never see him again. I gave that up long ago. If I could only give up this terrible heartache. But it will stay with me till I die. And oh! father, mother, how I wish I were dead now."

Several months afterward, at Nellie's urgent appeals, Farmer Easton decided to sell out and take his daughter and her child from the place where she had been so unhappy. So they found a home in the West. There the old man met loss after loss until Nellie began to realize that she would have to support the family with her own earnings. She tried sewing, and failed at it; gave music lessons and failed at that.

"Try the stage," a friend advised one day.

"Don't laugh at me," said Nellie.

"I am in earnest," urged the friend. "I discovered long ago that you possessed rare natural gifts as an impersonator; your voice is of remarkable compass and flexibility; your play of features is something wonderful. You are young, have a fine figure, and a bewilderingly pretty face."

"Anything more?"

"Yes, plenty; but that is enough for this time. I know a friend that can get you in. You'll be apt to be at the bottom round, but you'll climb."

She got an engagement, and—she climbed. A year after she burst upon the theatrical world in a distant city as a star, and a brilliant one it was, too. She was praised and feted; received offers for her heart and hand, and offers for her heart without her hand. Through all of which she remained a good daughter, a devoted mother and a pure woman; and—still loved Lloyd Whitlow. One night there was a crowded house to see her play a part in which she was perfect. She was to personify a "Forsaken Wife."

Before it was time for her to appear in her part, she recognized in one of the boxes the face of Lloyd Whitlow—the husband whom she had not seen for nearly three years. She did not shriek or faint; she was too good an adept at controlling her feelings to do either. Her first sensation was unutterable joy. Not once did she think of the years of suffering he had meted out to her. She only thought: "Will he know me in my new position and name? Will he love me and come back to me?" And then she remembered what a penchant he had for actresses in the old times, and then she thought, with a thrill of pleasure, "I believe he will be proud of me."

A friend at her elbow looked to see who it was that had attracted Nellie to such an unusual degree. Seeing who it was, she put up her hands playfully before her face, saying:

"No use in looking that way; he's bound fast. That is Mr. Whitlow, and the lady with him is his wife. Is she not a beauty?"

Nellie looked, and saw now what she had not seen before, a woman, ravishingly beautiful and magnificently dressed, sitting by his side. She turned fiercely to her informant, and asked:

"How do you know she is that man's wife?"

"Because I was introduced to Mrs. Whitlow to-day at a friend's house. She was married to him abroad, after the death of his uncle, who left him a large fortune. I did not see her husband, but I take it for granted the gentleman with her is Mr. Whitlow."

"Yes," hissed Nellie, "it is Mr. Whitlow."

"Look," said the friend, "he is leaving her already; not very devoted, is he?"

"Thank God," whispered the poor woman. "Oh, if he would only stay away. How can I act before him? And fail? Heavens! I would rather die than fail to-night!"

The curtain fell on the first act; she had made herself *en rapport* with the audience.

The curtain fell on the second. She had made in this such a finished piece of acting that she had completely won the hearts of her audience, who were enthusiastic over her.

The one all-absorbing thought with Nellie, between acts, was: "If he will only stay away!"

At the close of the third act Lloyd re-entered the box. Nellie knew it without looking at him. She felt his presence. The curtain fell. She never knew whether she was applauded or not. If she was, she did not hear it. She had not got off the stage when she realized that she was being clasped by a pair of strong arms.

Lloyd Whitlow's face was above hers, kissing her lips, her brow, her eyes, over and over again. Unmindful of the lookers on, behind the curtain, he called her by all the endearing, pet names that she remembered in the olden times.

A shiver of exquisite joy ran through poor Nellie's frame. She was delirious with rapture. What happiness to know that the arms encircling her were Lloyd's arms; that his breath was on her cheeks, his dear eyes looking down with the old look of love into hers. But it must not last. Heavens! could she tear herself away from this man, whom she had so long idolized? From this man who was the father of her boy? And then she thought of his beautiful wife sitting within a few feet of them, but out of sight, and the thought maddened her.

"Unhand me, sir!" she hissed, "or I will scream aloud for help;" she sprang away from him like an enraged tigress, to appear the next second on the stage to go through the last act of the wife's desertion. And didn't she act it gloriously? She was not off the stage until just before the close of the act, and then only for a minute.

The friend that she had been talking with before the play commenced came running up to her and asked:

"Why didn't you tell me, Nellie, that Mr. Whitlow was your friend. I have found out all about them now. That lady was Mrs. Whitlow, but her husband is cousin to your friend, the one accompanying her. Your friend was disinherited for some cause, and his cousin got all his fortune, but, like a good fellow, divided with him, and they are both rich and travelling together."

Nellie went back to take up her part. Her dramatic husband was to appear at a distance. She was to stretch out her arms to him, and by the silent eloquence of the act was to invite him back to her.

She could not help what she did instead. Her arms would reach out toward that private box, and her lips would murmur, "Lloyd, my husband, come back to me." There was a world of exquisite eloquence in the action. Lloyd Whitlow had the beautiful actress in his arms once more in less time than I can tell it, and that curtain never fell on a prettier tableau. Storm after storm of applause awakened every echo in the building. The denouement of the play puzzled the crowd, but they enjoyed it all the same.

Within an hour, Lloyd Whitlow had his boy in his arms, and Nellie was at his feet, holding tight one hand, listening to his explanations.

It took a couple that loved each other as well as Lloyd and Nellie did, several hours to go over it all. There were ejaculations and self-condemnations and "Oh, how-I-love you's," and rapturous kisses and "sich" without end.

All that we need to know is, that when Lloyd left Nellie to get absolution the crafty uncle promised him, on condition that he would go with him as travelling companion for six months. Lloyd wrote to Nellie explaining and telling her to publish their marriage, and that whenever she wanted him to return he would leave. That letter and all the letters written by these two were intercepted by a hired agent. Lloyd not being able to endure his wife's long silence, forfeited his fortune and came home. The uncle's excuse was that he had suffered on account of them; now let them suffer a while on account of him.

Lloyd found his wife gone. None could tell him where. His cousin, as we know, divided a fortune with him, and a good part of it Lloyd had spent seeking his wife. He found her by accident or Providence, and intends to keep her.

"You have been playing a sad drama," said Lloyd, "off the stage and on."

"Yes," said Nellie, "Lost and Found."

"Thank God it is over, little wife."

Nellie left the stage. The world "lost" a star, and Lloyd Whitlow "found" a wife.

EDISON, THE INVENTOR OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

The inventor of the phonograph, Thomas Alva Edison, was born in Ohio thirty-one years ago. He commenced his enterprising career as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway. Very soon he had obtained a monopoly for the sale of papers over the line, and employed four boy-assistants. By and by he conceived the idea of publishing for himself. There was an old, springless car, with a smoking-room attached to the train, on which he sold his papers; and as no one would travel in it, Edison got leave to use it. He bought an old press and a quantity of type, fitted it up in the smoking-room, and regularly issued a small weekly print called the *Grand Trunk Herald*, price three cents, containing gossip of the neighborhood, accidents, and other matter. George Stephenson, at work on the Montreal tubular bridge, found Edison engaged on his paper, and was so pleased with the boy's earnestness that he ordered an extra edition for himself. This connection with the press introduced him to the telegraph, which he straightway determined to master. Having learned how to send and receive messages, at the age of seventeen he obtained a situation as telegraph operator in Stratford, Canada. Thence he went from city to city of the States—west, south, and east—Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, New Orleans, Boston, and New York, leading an unsettled operator's life; now being discharged, now leaving of his own accord. All his spare cash and time were spent in providing experimental electrical apparatus to illustrate his studies or to try some of the original ideas which thronged his brain. At Indianapolis he produced his first inventive success, an automatic signaling instrument, and at Cincinnati in 1865 he perfected a duplex system for sending two messages in contrary directions over one wire at once. He was pooh-poohed and ridiculed until he went to Boston in 1868, where an appreciative superintendent of the office recognized in him the fire of suppressed genius. It happened that eight years ago there was unusual excitement in the gold market, and at the climax of the hurry the company's indicating instrument broke down. The superintendent was out, and no one could set it right. In the midst of the confusion Edison stepped up and volunteered to do it. The manager looked somewhat dubiously at the new-comer; but the emergency was great, and Edison's offer was accepted. In a few moments the instrument was working as before, and Edison was forthwith engaged at a good salary in the service of the company. From this time his career is that of an electrician and inventor. He soon patented several valuable inventions, and became well known, was appointed Inventor-in-Chief to the Western Union, the colossal telegraph monopoly of America, and to other companies. Two years ago he retired to Menlo Park, a sequestered spot on the Pennsylvania Railway, twenty-four miles from New York. His establishment here consists of his laboratory, dwelling-house, and the cottages of his workmen, including a restaurant started by a smart Yankee for the convenience of Edison's visitors. The laboratory is a plain wooden building, two stories high, isolated on an eminence. The lower part is occupied by Edison's office and library, and a mechanics' shop, where a dozen fitters are forging and shaping his ideas into iron and wood. Upstairs is the laboratory proper, a long room lined from end to end with an array of chemicals. On tables and in show-cases about the room are lying all manner of telegraphic apparatus, lenses, crucibles, and pieces of his own instruments—telephones, phonographs, and aerophones. A perfect tangle of telegraph wires from all parts of the Union is focused at one end of the room. An ash-covered forge, a cabinet organ, a rusty stove, with an old pivot-chair, a table well stained with oils and acids, complete the furniture of this curious den, into which the sunlight filters through the chemical jars, and falls in parti-colored patches on the dusty floor. The moving spirit of this place by day and night is best described as an overgrown schoolboy. His face is pale and beardless. His nose and chin are well shaped and prominent; his mouth thin; his forehead full and expansive, but not high; his hair is dark chestnut brown, and silvered with gray. The most striking feature of his face are his eyes, which are blue-gray, deep-set, intense, and penetrating. His smile is boyish and pleasant, and his manner somewhat shy. Edison is an inventor by sheer dint of native genius. His scientific knowledge of electricity is by no means thorough; mathematics are repulsive to him. As soon as his mind lights upon any new or peculiar fact, at once he conceives an application of it. The phonograph was discovered in the following manner: He had invented an apparatus for recording ordinary telegraph signals by a stylus on yielding material, so that the record could serve to retransmit the message automatically. One day, while experimenting with a vibrating telephone diaphragm to which a pricker was fixed, the pricker pierced his finger by the force of the vibrations, and drew blood. In an instaut there flashed into his mind the idea of the phonograph. He saw that the voice had power to cause a similar pricker to indent its vibrations in a sheet of tin foil, so that they could be automatically reproduced. As proof of his power of work, it may be further said that the idea of the phonograph occurred to him one Wednesday afternoon, and he worked on all Wednesday night, Thursday, Thursday night, Friday, and Friday night, till Saturday morning. By that time he had constructed a completely successful phonograph; then he went to bed, and slept with hardly a break till Monday morning.

Edison has been described by the United States Commissioner of Patents as the young man who has kept the path to the Patent-Office hot with his foot-steps. During the last ten years he has taken out 157 patents, and applied for seventy-seven more. Of these, however, only fifteen or twenty are important inventions, the rest being obtained to fence them round. His yearly income from his patents is now over $50,000, and he has realized in all over $400,000 from them. This sum has been sunk, as soon as it was earned on books and experiments. As for the phonograph, his faith in it is boundless. In future, he believes, letters will be talked, books read, sermons preached, languages and music taught, parlor operas played, announcements made, and reporting done by phonograph. Voice-albums will become the fashion, and the memorable words of great men will be treasured in museums. "There was a fortune in the Pope's last blessing," says Edison, somewhat irreverently; "the phonograph record of it, multiplied by electrotyping, would have sold for five dollars a piece easily." It is said that Doré gets suggestions for profiles from the shadow of a piece of crumpled tissue-paper thrown on the sunlit ground; and so will the phonograph, driven backward, hint all manner of new musical combinations to the musician. Edison is now making one with a sapphire point, which will record even a whisper, and contain a complete novel of Dickens's—50,000 words—on a sheet of tinfoil 10 inches square. There are other marvels yet to come. By the aerophone he hopes to make ships converse at sea, though several miles apart; and his boast is that he will make the statue of Liberty, to be set up in New York harbor, read the Declaration of Independence so loud that all Manhattan Island shall hear it. Another new thing is the "mega-phone," a kind of small ear-trumpet, doing for the ear what the opera-glass does for the eye; and slightly deaf as he inclines to be, Edison declares that by its aid he can hear a cow chew her cud an eighth of a mile distant. These are things of the future. Meanwhile it is enough that his actual achievements stamp him as a prodigy in mechanical invention.—*World.*

BELLS IN THE FIDGI ISLANDS.

A few words respecting the Tongian, or rather Fidgian bell; for it is manufactured in the Fidgi Islands (South Pacific). The Tongians like our bells very well, on account of their strong and melodious vibration; but for range of sound, their *lali* is far superior. Imagine the trunk of a tree, three or four feet long, slightly bevelled at each end, and hollowed out in the form of a trough. It is placed on the ground upon some elastic body, generally upon a coil of rope; and to protect it from the rain, covered by a sort of roof. When they want to give the signal for divine service, they strike the mouth of the *lali* with a mallet, which produces a sort of stifled roar. I should have thought that it could only be heard to a short distance; my mistake was great. There are *lali*, the distinct sound of which may be heard to a distance of twelve miles when the air is calm. And yet when you are near it, the sound is not sufficiently loud to startle you in the least; but as you recede it becomes clearer, more mild, and harmonious. When you go to a village and hear its *lali*, do not judge from the distinctness of the sound that strikes your ear that you are approaching the place, for you may be mistaken. The *lali* is, therefore, the favorite instrument at Tonga, and deservedly so. It is named in the same manner as we give names to our bells. On feast days the Tongian artists perform on the *lali* peals that are not wanting in harmony. They rival each other in ability and skill, and are doubtless no less proud of their performance than our bell-ringers in France.—*French Missions.*

A HEROIC WOMAN.

The Paris *Journal Officiel* records that in accordance with a decree of the President of the French Republic, Mademoiselle Dodu, directress of the telegraph station at Montreuil-sous-Bois, has been nominated a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. The dignity is conferred upon the lady in recognition of an act of coolness and intrepidity performed at the imminent risk of her life during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. The particular privileges attaching to the Chevalership of the Legion includes the right to a salute from the sentries on guard at the various military stations. In the year 1870, Mademoiselle Dodu, then a very young woman, held the appointment of the telegraph station at Pithiviers. War broke out between France and Germany, and the charge of the telegraph became an important and responsible duty. The district surrounding Pithivers was occupied by the invaders, and a large force of Bavarians encamped near the town itself, which was completely at their mercy.

The German strategic arrangements depended largely upon the perfection of their system of telegraphy, the slightest hitch or the least disarrangement of which might not alone cause the annihilation of a regiment but adversely influence the result of a battle. The penalty incurred by cutting or otherwise injuring the lines, was immediate death—a penalty frequently enforced by the Germans throughout the campaign.

When the Bavarians surrounded Pithiviers, and subsequently entered the town, they proceeded to the telegraph office, of which Mademoiselle Dodu was the mistress. She left the office in the hands of the corps of the Uhlans who entered the town. But before abandoning the place to the enemy, she took away the operating instruments, and carefully hid them in the vicinity of the office itself where she might readily find them again. This she knew would cost the penalty of her life if discovered. Her official duties had taught her to perfection the details of telegraphy, and she knew how to make the wires reveal the secrets with which the enemy might seek to entrust it. With rare courage and self-devotion, and notwithstanding that the office was in possession of the enemy, the arose at night and deliberately sought the operating room with her instruments.

At the risk of being momentarily discovered by the soldiers holding the station, she entered, tapped the lines for information, and actualy intercepted a most important dispatch from the German commander. Then readjusting her instruments she re-established communication with the French headquarters for nearly an hour, telegraphed to the general commanding there the nature and contents of the message intercepted, and thus saved from destruction thousands of valuable lives whom the successful execution of the German orders would have doomed to death and destruction.

Mademoiselle Dodu only escaped the punishment of death herself owing to the cessation of hostilities. The records of female heroism contain few actions, either as regards the courage implied in its conception or the determined and effective manner in which it was executed in the face of probable death, more signal than this of Mademoiselle Dodu.

COAL IN CHINA.

It may surprise the general reader to learn that the coal production of China has already reached 3,000,000 tons annually, and is rapidly increasing. Of this production about 1,000,000 tons represent the output of the anthracite beds of the province of Shan-si. Speaking of this, the most extensive deposit of the empire, Baron Richthofen affirms that its area vastly exceeds that of the anthracite region of this country, and that no other coal-field in the world can be compared with it in the union of the most favorable conditions as regards position, quantity and quality. He pronounces the opinion, that, in the near future, these deposits will rise immensely in importance.—*Harper's Weekly.*

—"A bird in the hand," etc. An inveterate chewer in Providence, who invariably throws away an old quid whenever he sees a neighbor take out a tobacco box, waited in vain one morning for an extension of hospitalities. "Aren't you going to give me a chew?" he inquired. "Didn't you have one in your mouth?" asked the market-man. "Yes," said the other. "Well," replied the market-man, "you must learn never to throw away a certainty for an uncertainty."—*New York Tribune.*

—A joint roasted by the heat of the sun is one of the attractions of the grounds of the Paris Exhibition, where M. Mouchot, a Tours professor, when the clouds permit, daily cooks a portion of meat by means of a strong reflector. On a recent Saturday he succeeded in boiling sufficient water for three cups of coffee in three-quarters of an hour. In Algeria, where the sun possesses great power, Professor Mouchot has roasted quails in twenty minutes.

HIS FUNERAL.—The Virginian who blew himself up by means of a keg of powder, didn't leave any pieces behind to hold a funeral over. A three days' hunt discovered nothing but one boot heel.—*Free Press.* But with only this fragment, his friends gave him a gentheel funeral.—*Richmond (Va.) Baton.*

—When a young man in Patagonia wants a wife, he rides out and lassoes one, and in the more civilized United States of America, when a young man wants a wife, but does not come to time, she lassoes him for a breach of promise.

Varieties.

—Four men now living at Castleton, Vt., have had between them twenty wives.

—M. Léon Say has been in London studying the English telegraph and postal systems.

—An eighty-year-old woman at Sharon, Vt., is suffering from her second attack of whooping cough.

—Of the one hundred and sixty-seven Congregational churches in Vermont only sixty have regular pastors.

—Of every thousand men, twenty die annually. The population of a city or country is renewed once in thirty years.

—A woman in Herkimer county, Mo., recently set foot upon a snake, and her glossy black hair turned white in a few hours.

—A decree has been signed prohibiting the manufacture in Paris of any kind of fulminating device intended as a toy for children.

—On the 31st of July there were 3,155 postal savings banks in Italy.—They were first established in 1876, and the number of deposits since is 473,901, amounting to about 20,000,000 francs.

—A London firm advertised recently for a collector, work hard and wages low, and received over eighteen hundred replies, nearly all from men of apparently good education and character, many of them from gentlemen.

—Two robins in Westchester, recently, fed their offspring on poison vine, because the children had caged them. It is characteristic of these birds to poison their caged young when no hope of their liberty is offered.

—At a recent soldiers' reunion at Tuscola, Ill., after feeding 2,000 persons, there remained over for distribution among the poor 700 loaves of bread, an ox and a half, and seven barrels of smaller cooked meats, hams, fowls, etc.

—At a recent discussion of the subject of corporal punishment by the School Board of Sheerness, two of the members got so excited that one of them broke his umbrella over the other's head, and was in turn kicked down stairs.

—A priest at Lawrence, Mass., reached the church where he had to perform the marriage ceremony a little late, and in his haste ordered a couple of the guests down to the altar and had begun to marry them ere they could explain matters.

—A Chinese child's magazine, containing sixteen pages and published monthly, has been started in Shanghai. It contains a variety of amusing and instructive matter, with well-executed illustrations, and the subscription is 15 cents a year.

—A convict in the Joliet (Ill.) prison hanged himself in the solitary cell in which he had been kept several days for writing letters without permission. He had served several terms of ordinary imprisonment, but utter loneliness drove him crazy.

—Peace promotes science, art, mechanism, and the accumulation of large fortunes; while the increased thrift which long peace gives any community affords the members of it more time for reflection, and for the contemplation of the highest truths which can engage the human mind.—*Dr. Hall.*

—Frank Polk felt resentful because the Mayor of Pisgah, Texas, fined him for drunkenness. He got a rifle and rode up and down in front of the Mayor's office, daring him to come out. The Chief of Police drew a revolver and ordered him to throw down his gun.—Polk fired, hitting the officer, who, in falling, shot Polk in the body. The Mayor ran out and shot three balls into the desperado. The latter fired several shots at the Mayor, but he escaped unhurt. Polk and Powers, the Chief, died.

—A woman died recently in France at the age of 90, who was a cantinière in the Army of the First Empire. Having been received in 1804 in an artillery regiment at the camp of Boulogne, in which her husband served as a Sergeant, she became an eye-witness of the great battles at Austerlitz, Eylau, Friedland, Iena, Wagram, and Tilsit. Her certificates attested the good services which she had rendered to the wounded of all nations with whom she had come in contact.

—Confinement in a well-kept prison is said to be beneficial to health. The *Sanitary Inquirer* says that the records of the best English penitentiaries show that a person's chances of life in them are nearly double what they would be in freedom. Notwithstanding two-thirds of the inmates enter such institutions with disease on them, yet, as a result of pure air, cleanliness and a well-regulated diet, prisons are made seats of health. In those of Scotland, which are models of good management, the death rate is only 3 in 1,000. Contrast this with the death rate of 17 in 1,000 in the British army, or with the average of 20 per 1,000 in other occupations, and it will be seen what results may be obtained by proper sanitary regulation.

—One of the large monkeys in the Alexandra Palace, London, had been suffering from a decayed tooth, and an abscess, forming a large protuberance on the jaw, resulted. The pain seemed so great it was decided to consult a dentist, and as the creature was very savage, it was thought that if the tooth had to be extracted, the gas should be used for the safety of the operator.—The monkey struggled against being put into a sack, prepared with a hole cut for his head, snapped and screamed, and gave promise of being very troublesome; but as soon as the dentist managed to get his hand on the abscess and gave relief, the monkey's demeanor changed entirely. He laid his head down quietly, and, without the use of the gas submitted to the removal of the tooth.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1878.

☞ ELECTION next Tuesday, the 5th, for members of Congress. Let all good Conservative Democrats turn out and vote for R. F. Armfield.

The Election Tuesday.

We learn that the following is the programme in the Fifth, or Greensboro District:

1st. See that every Democrat is registered before the day of election.

2nd. Challenge every attempt to illegally register or vote.

3rd. Provide ways and means to get the sick, the poor, the aged and infirm to the polls.

4th. Be on the ground yourself from sunrise to sunset. Keep cool and work hard.

☞ Let us adopt the above in this district.

The State Fair.

The full list of premiums awarded at the late State Fair, has not yet been published.

As soon as the full list reaches us we will notice such premiums as are of interest in this section.

RAILROAD MEETING.—The Railroad meeting held in Wilkesboro, on the 19th, was addressed by R. A. Hamilton, of this place, and others. No business of importance was transacted, and the meeting adjourned to meet again on the first Monday in December next.

SPAIN.—Maucase, who shot at the king of Spain while riding through the streets of Madrid, last week, when asked why he did it, replied, "I came here to kill the king."

DESTRUCTIVE STORM.—On the 23d a very destructive storm raged all along the coast from Florida to Maine, causing much damage to shipping, and considerable loss of life.

In Philadelphia the storm was very severe, the wind obtaining a velocity of seventy-two miles an hour, doing much damage to many public and private buildings, and all along the river fronts.

CHARLOTTE FAIR.—Thanks for a complimentary ticket to an Annual Fair under the auspices of the Carolina Fair Association, to be held at Charlotte from the 12th to the 15th November.

The *Observer* says: In addition to the premiums offered by the association, Mr. H. C. Eccles, of the Central Hotel, offers a special premuim of $10 for the best pound of butter on exhibition, and $10 in gold for the best barrel of Irish potatoes.

A prominent feature, and one in which it is expected that considerable interest will be taken by the farmers is the plowing match. The committee to supervise this will be appointed by the directors in a few days.

SUMMARY OF FEVER CASES.—In New Orleans during the week ending on the 25th, there were 699 cases and 229 deaths. Total cases 12,851 and 3,864 deaths.

From latest accounts the fever is abating everywhere, and in some places no new cases are reported.

The whole number of burials from yellow fever in Memphis amounts to four thousand.

MEMPHIS.—Heavy frost and ice lined the gutters on the 28th. The board of health pronounce safety to refugees to return.

In Vicksburg, the Howards are closing up their offices. Frost and ice there also.

Fairs.

NEW GARDEN FAIR.—The Seventh Annual Fair was held at New Garden, Guilford County, on the 24th. This fair is the pride of Guilford county. The crowd in attendance was large, and the agricultural exhibit generally good.

The Shorthorn Durham was prominent among the cattle, and among the sheep were fine specimens of the Southdowns, Cotswolds and Leicesters.

The poultry display was good. The agricultural products were about the average in size and quality. The correspondent of the Raleigh *News* says:

"The fruit display was not equal to former years, because it was too late for a display of anything except apples, which crop was almost a failure this year. Still there were many fine apples, some extra large pears, and a basket of the finest late peaches ever exhibited anywhere.

The articles exhibited in the ladies' department were very creditable; but the display was smaller than usual.

The premiums were small, but all paid in cash. No side shows or horse racing, but a plain exhibit of what had been done by the exhibitors."

RANDOLPH COUNTY.—The Fourth Annual Exposition of the Randolph Agricultural Society was held at the Fair Grounds in Asheboro, on the 24th and 25th, and proved even more successful than was anticipated at its commencement.

The Randolph Agricultural Society is one of the oldest in the State.

The Weldon Fair opened on Monday with a fine display of articles.

A HUNDRED NEGROES HUNG.—The English steamer from St. Thomas, Oct. 17, has arrived at Havana. Advices from Santa Cruz represent that the condition of that Island since the insurrection is hopeless. About one hundred negroes have been executed, but the insurrectionary spirit remains alive. St. Thomas has lost over $150,000 by the insurrection, while three millions would not cover the damage done in Santa Cruz.

Fever Statistics.

The yellow fever may now be said to have run its terrible course. The frosts which will now follow each other in rapid succession, will speedily put an end to the scourge. How terrible that scourge has been may be seen from the following brief resume of the statistics of the epidemic up to the 18th of the present month:

Eight States have been affected by the fever: Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Florida and Illinois. In Alabama, comprising the cities of Mobile and Decatur only, there were 125 cases and 41 deaths; in Louisiana, the total number of cases were 14,810 and the deaths 4,123. Of these 10,600 cases, and over 3,635 deaths were from New Orleans alone. There were 140 deaths in Baton Rouge out of 2,500 cases; and 53 deaths in Gretna, out of 532 cases; in Morgan City, there were 438 cases and 87 deaths. The State of Mississippi comes next to Louisiana, with 7,966 cases and 2,493 deaths. These were distributed principally as follows: Vicksburg, 2,500 cases, 980 deaths; Grenada, 516 cases, 322 deaths; Canton, 844 cases, 155 deaths; Port Gibson, 620 cases, 200 cases; Holly Springs, 1,064 cases, 241 deaths; Greenville, 650 cases, 230 deaths. The only town in Arkansas visited was Helena, where there were 75 cases and 15 deaths. In Kentucky there were 327 cases and 129 deaths. Of these, 112 cases and 49 deaths were in Louisville, the balance in the town of Hickman. In Tennessee, there were in all 3,089 deaths; number of cases not yet known. Of the deaths Memphis furnished 2,783, Chattanooga 130, and Brownsville 116. Key West, in Florida, has 73 cases and 16 deaths. Cairo, Ill., 25 deaths; cases not known. This would make a grand total of cases, exclusive of Memphis and Cairo, 23,340; and deaths, 9,931.

When Tennessee shall have been heard from in regard to the number of cases there, and the few deaths that will likely occur between now and the first of next month, it is probable the total number of cases will reach 30,000, and the number of deaths 10,000, an average of one death to every three cases. Truly an awful record.—*Observer.*

Tilden's Card.

Samuel J. Tilden publishes a card, in which, referring to recent cipher telegram publications, he says he has no knowledge of the existence of these telegrams nor any information about them, except what has been derived from or since their publication. Referring to alleged attempts to negotiate for electoral votes in Florida and South Carolina, he denies all knowledge of the existence or purport of any telegram relating to the subject. He cites as evidence that any action on his part looking to a bargain of any kind would have been inconsistent with his plans, the fact that he had in view a system of reform which he could not have carried out unless he was untrammeled by any commitment in the choice of men to execute the official trusts of the government, and free from any obligations to special interests. "I was resolved to go into the Presidential chair," he says, "in full command of my resources, or not at all."

THE APPLE CROP.—Immense quantities of apples are being taken to Europe by the steamers. The surplus crop is very large, and some farmers are feeding their cows with them, rather than ship them to market at ruling prices, which are from one to one dollar and a quarter per barrel. Export shipments are not always profitable, depending largely on the condition of the fruit on arrival. During the past three weeks the value of shipments exceed $20,000. Some vessels have taken as many as three thousand barrels, but a steamer which sailed Tuesday, took five thousand barrels, which is the largest yet, and as near as can be found out, no such shipment was ever made before.

NORTH CAROLINA GOLD.—The arrangements recently perfected by the Treasury department to purchase the gold bullion deposited at the United States assay office at Charlotte, N. C., at its value, less the usual mint charges and the expense of transportation to Philadelphia, are meeting with great success. The annual gold yield of North Carolina is only $150,000, but the producers were compelled to dispose of their gold to bullion dealers at a heavy discount. Under the present management they can exchange it at par with legal tender or silver dollars, thereby greatly increasing the production. Since the order was issued from the Treasury department there has been a very noticeable increase in the gold receipts from this section.

The true people of the North are surely very kind and sympathetic towards the afflicted South, and the South we are certain feels deeply grateful. The recent call for clothing for the afflicted and suffering people was nobly and generously responded to in New York. The wagons went over the city gathering the donations. We are told:

"On Wednesday the collections amounted to six thousand cubic feet. Little girls eagerly donated their shawls, bonnets and cloaks. The contributions, too, were not altogether from the hands of the rich, but those hardly able to give, gave according to their means."

JUDGE LYNCH NORTH.—It is only a few days ago that a negro guilty of an aggravated assault on a white girl narrowly escaped lynching at Ansonia, Ct.; about the same time Stephen Wade, a black man of 60, out in Darke county, Ohio, was taken out of bed and shot down by a party of masked men for stealing; a few weeks earlier a mob in Sandusky, Ohio, took a negro murderer from the officers, and hung him to a lamp post; and now comes the latest and most shocking case from Posey county, Ind., where four negroes were hanged and one negro and three white men were shot to death.

LONDON, Oct. 21.—The whole management of the City of Glasgow Bank, namely, the Secretary, Managing Director and six Directors, were arrested last Saturday on the charge of fraud. They are confined separately and not allowed to communicate with any person. They all surrendered without trouble, and declared they would have done so voluntarily if they had known they were wanted. A call for $2,500 per share of the stockholders of the bank will ruin a large majority of them, and throw the burden on a few wealthy ones.

Of the thirty-eight unacclimated physicians who went to Memphis, only one escaped the yellow fever. Twenty-one have died and sixteen are sick.

THE BIG TREES.—Only one of the big trees of California has been felled by the hand of man. To do this, it required the work of five men for twenty-two days, not chopping, but with long augers boring it down. After the tree was completely severed, the veteran still stood unmoved, refusing to fall, until by ropes, pulleys and wedges the enormous trunk was brought to the earth. This tree was found to be over three hundred and ninety-six feet in circumference at the base and sound to the very heart.

POISONOUS FISH.—Our fishing smacks report a stream of fresh or poisonous water along our bay coast from two to ten fathoms out, that kills all the fish in its range. They report sailing two hundred miles through dead fish, covering the sea as far as the eye could reach with all the varieties. Immediately on the shore the water is salt and natural, while less than a mile off it appears of a red brick color.

INDIANS IN TEXAS.—The State department advices report the Mexicans and Indians raiding near Wilson Ranche, Texas. They killed three girls and a boy, and at last accounts were proceeding towards the Rio Grande with numbers of stolen horses.

CAPTURED MARAUDERS.—The Indian Bureau is in receipt of a telegram from Col. Obliene, confirmatory of the press report of the capture of the marauding Cheyennes. It is expected the leaders of this band will be turned over to the civil authorities of Kansas or Nebraska, to be tried and punished for the murder of settlers and other outrages committed by them during their progress northward.

Harry Basset, the famous race horse, died on Saturday. His owner recently refused $15,000 for him.

Virulent yellow fever is raging in St. Thomas, West Indies.

The most noteworthy feature in SCRIBNER for November is the beginning of "Haworth's," the new novel by Mrs. Burnet, author of "That Lass o' Lowries," the serial publication to continue throughout the magazine year, which begins with this year. The publishers announce that during the coming year there will be four frontispieces (a feature recently introduced into "holiday numbers" only). These will be portraits of eminent American poets, to be drawn by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole. Mr. Longfellow is given in this number, accompanied by a a full critical and biographical sketch, by R. H. Stoddard, with illustrations. Another paper on a popular subject is "A Night with Edison." "Johnny Reb at Play" is the first of several papers by an ex-Confederate soldier, Mr. A. C. Redwood, upon interesting phases of life in the Southern army. "The Spelling-Bee at Angelis," by Bret Harte, is reported by "Truthful James" in the style of the author's early metrical success. There is also a paper on the "Picturesqe Aspects of Farm Life in New York," by John Burroughs. "A Wind-storm in the Forests of the Yuba" is by John Muir, who took his notes from the top of a spruce-tree during the terrific gale.

The illustrated material is completed by a paper on "Chambly Fort, on the Richelieu River," by Henry Sandham, the Canadian artist who drew the "Moose Fight" in the last Midwinter SCRIBNER. The unillustrated papers also cover a wide field. "The Apparition of So Murch," by Noah Brooks, is an original and laughable addition to tramp literature.

"Parsons and Parsons," by Edward Eggleston, is a collection of humorous anecdotes for readers lay and clerical.

Mr. Boyesen's "Falconberg" reaches a fourth installment. The poetry of the number includes a sonnet on Beethoven by Celia Thaxter, four songs by one of the two young Goodale sisters (not, however, accepted on account of the youth of the writer) and "The Poet's Fame," by R. W. Gilder.

Call and subscribe.

ST. NICHOLAS for November, begins the 6th volume of the magazine with seventy-two pages and fifty-two pictures filled with enchantment for the boys and girls. Two new serials begin in this number. One, for boys, is by Frank R. Stockton, entitled "A jolly Fellowship." Its first installment describes the voyage of two boys to one of the Southern States, where the scene of the story is laid; and seven telling illustrations are by James E. Kelly. Further on in the number the youngsters will find a short biographical account of Frank R. Stockton, with a portrait of this favorite author. The other serial for girls, is by Katharine D. Smith, and this first part has three pictures; two of them by Fred. Dielman, are unusually fine. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor, herself contributes to this number the poem entitled, "A Mistake" illustrated by Addie Ledyard; and a paper called "Monkeys and Dogs to the Front," giving a lively account of some remarkable trained dogs and monkeys, with fourteen capital pictures by E. Hopkins. One of San Francisco's new wire-cable railroads is described and illustrated under the title "Towed by Rail" the pictures being photographs taken especially for this article. There are five complete short stories, all illustrated.—All the other departments are good. Now is the time to subscribe.

State News.

Col. A. M. Waddell has been seriously ill at his residence in Wilmington.

HANGED.—Jim Laxton, col., was hanged for rape on a white woman, in Statesville, on the 25th.

According to Col. Polk's report there are about fifty-three Cotton Factories in operation in this State. Twenty-seven have been built since the war.

Col. Duncan K. McRae, who has been residing in Memphis and Chicago for 10 years has decided to come back to this State and locate in Wilmington, about the 1st of November.

A quiet and pleasant home is insured to all mothers that use Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup for ther little ones. It contains nothing injurious.

A grand Democratic rally is to be had in Statesville on the 2nd prox. Hon. R. F. Armfield will he there, and the *Landmark* says Gov. Vance and Judge Fowle have been invited.

Norfolk *Virginian:* North Carolina is the only State in the Union, as we are informed by competent authority, that fills all the blanks of the Agricultural Department at Washington, producing every article contained in its tables.

Randolph *Regulator:* Cyrus P. Frazier, late graduate of Haverford College, Pa., entered Trinity College Monday last as Professor of French and German.

The Presbyterian Church at Salisbury has had an increase in its membership of twenty from a recent revival. At Haywood five persons professed faith in Christ.

Rev. F. H. Jones reports, in the *Biblical Recorder*, rivivals as follows: Yanceyville, baptisms 8; Trinity, 9 professions; Madison, 25 professions; New Friendship, (Forsyth) 10 professions.

Always keep the bottle handy,
Do not place it out of sight,
For it cured our little Andy,
Who was coughing day and night,
Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Charlotte *Observer:* A letter received from Waynesville, by a business house in this city, states that it was snowing there last Saturday.——The Carolina Fair, in this city, the Cumberland Fair, in Fayetteville, and the South Carolina State Fair, in Columbia, all begin on the same day—the 12th of November.

CONVICTED.—At the Superior Court of Orange county last week, Alphonso Davis, Henry Andrews, white, and Lewis Carlton, colored, were tried on the charge of burglary, committed upon the premises of Mrs. Margaret Lydia Herndon, in the town of Chapel Hill, on the night of the 15th of June, and all three convicted and sentenced to be hanged on Friday, November 22nd.—*Hillsboro Recorder.*

COURT-HOUSE BURNED.—The Court-House at Kinston, Lenoir county, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night, 19th inst., together with a large portion of the County Records. Court was to have opened on Monday the 21st.

Every Superior Court Clerk's office and Register of Deeds should have fire-proof Safes for preserving important books and papers.

The Blue Ridge *Blade* says that an attempt to "bulldoze" Morganton was made by the Lane crowd (moonshiners) from the South mountans, near town.—They charge the town authorities with "prohibiting the liquor traffic and preserving good order. Fights were indulged in, but the law triumphed.

The Charlotte *Observer* says that the Winter schedule of the Railroads to go into effect November 10th will be very fast.

The ladies of Concord engage in partridge hunting, apparentiy greatly enjoying the sport.

The broad waters of Currituck Sound are now like an immense poultry yard, the cackle of geese, the quack of the duck, with the plaintive note of the swan, begin to arouse the huntsmen of that section.—*Correspondence of the Raleigh News.*

Governor and Mrs. Vance are in Raleigh, Mrs. Vance's condition is more favorable, and hopes are entertained that she will recover her health.

The last week in November is the time for the meeting of the Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in Charlotte.

REVENUE RAID.—A party under command of Capt. Bryan and Jas. Wagner, returned last week from Polk county, N. C. They succeeded in capturing 2,000 gallons of beer, 500 gallons whisky, 50 tubs, 6 flake stands and arrested one man.—*Statesville Landmark.*

The building contract, says the Goldsboro *Messenger*, of the colored Asylum building, has been awarded to a Portsmouth, Va. firm at $22,500, Mr. Applegate having declined to take the job at his own bid, which was $18,000. The work of grading the building site is now in progress.

The Raleigh *Advocate* reports the following religious revivals: Polkton, 26 conversions, 19 accessions; Deep River Circuit, 175 professions; McGee's Church, Clinton Circuit, 17 accessions; Lebanon Church, circuit, circuit not given, 25 professions, 31 additions, with 300 additions on the circuit during the year; Forsyth Cuircuit, Rev. M. J. Hunt in charge, 75 professions; Rev. L. L. Nash roports 54 conversions; Salisbury Methodist Church, 48 conversions; Rev. John Tillett reports 40 additions; Lincolnton Circuit, 75 accessions.

FEARFUL FATALITY.—The mortality from diptheria along Hyco in Caswell county and at Bethesda Church is nearly as alarming as the spread of the yellow fever. Iverson Stevens on Hyco lost four out of six children, and another gentleman lost every one of his children. A man forty years old had it, but recovered. At Bethesda some weeks ago they buried five and the next Sunday there were eleven open graves in the same churchyard. Sixty have died around there.—*Reidsville Times.*

The Raleigh *Observer* says: The North Carolina Teachers Association has established at Chapel Hill, a teachers' bureau, whose object is two-fold: First, to supply schools with competent teachers. Second, to secure positions for teachers out of employment. The bureau collects and files reliable information relating to the character, attainments and exporience of teachers, and furnishes this information free of charge.

BROTHHIRLY LOVE.—Harmony Hill is the name of a camp ground in Turnersburg Township, Iredell county, where a very large meeting is held embracing the second Sunday of October every year. This year there were about 40 families tented, representing every denomination throughout that community. It is a Union meeting ground. The clergy represented seven different denominations this year, viz: Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Northern Methodist, Protestant and the Society of Friends or Quakers. Rev. Jos. Wheeler preached a very able sermon at 11 o'clock Sunday. During the progress of the meeting considerable interest was manifested and as a result much good was accomplished. —*Hickory Press.*

REVENUE SEIZURES.—The Wadesboro *Herald* says M. V. Shores, of Yadkin, had his team, wagon and load seized in Cheraw, S. C., recently for alleged violation of the revenue law. He says the seizure was without cause and utterly unjust.

The Charlotte *Observer* says Deputy Collector Young stepped over to Concord the other day, and raised two blockaders who happened to be passing that way. He captured two wagons, three mules and thirty-nine boxes of manufactured tobacco. Two of the mules, one wagon and twenty boxes of tobacco belonged to a man named Frank Williams, and the residue of the property belonged to M. Kimbrough. Everything of course is forfeited to the government and will be sold at public auction.

A BLOODY TRAGEDY.—Miss Amelia Linkhaw, a modest looking young lady of Lumberton, Robeson county, some six or eight months ago, was receiving the attention of E. Hartman, also a resident of Lumberton, but at present connected as travelling salesman, with a grocery house in Baltimore. Their relations seemed to be pleasant then, and subsequently, so far as the public knew.—Hartman boards at Ranche's Hotel, when he is in town. A few mornings since Miss Linkhaw stepped into the parlor of the hotel and asked to see Mr. Hartman. That gentleman responded promptly to the call. As he entered the room, she arose and extended her hand. He grasped it firmly, and while the two were standing, facing each other, Miss Linkhaw drew a pistol and fired at him, the ball entering his body, in the immediate vicinity of the heart. The wound did not produce instant death, but the last report received from him was to the effect that he could not live through the night. The conjecture seems to be that Hartman had disappointed or deceived her in some way.—*Charlotte Observer.*

Within a few hours after the shooting, the lady gave birth to a stout, healthy child. Hartman is still alive.

Some 400 illicit distillers and tobacco blockaders, now under indictment at Statesville, N. C., petitioned the Revenue office for the same clemency as was recently shown similar offenders in South Carolina; that is to be allowed, after pleading guilty, to have their sentences suspended during good behavior. Their petition has been granted.

General News.

Twenty years ago petroleum was little known. The first artificial well was sunk in August, 1856, we believe. Now there is an annual production in this country of about 15,000,000 barrels, and more than $60,000,000 worth is exported to other countries annually—our exports ranging in importance, according to valuation—first, cotton; second, flour and grain. third, hog products (lard, hams and salt pork); and fourth, petroleum.

AMERICAN CIGARS.—American cigars have recently been advertised in London at very low rates. They have proved to be the cabbage leaf and brown paper brands not unknown this side of the water. Says a London newspaper: "These precious commodities are known to be largely formed of a peculiar description of straw paper steeped in tobacco juice, which is manufactured in the United States for this express purpose, and largely exported to the Cuban and other markets."

The only son of ex-President Jefferson Davis is dead of yellow fever, aged 21. The eged and afflicted father will have the profound sympathy of the Southern people in his sad bereavement. Gov. Nicholls of Louisiana, has also been sorely bereaved. His young son Frank, died in New Orleans of fever on Tuesday of last week.

Mary, wife of Wm. Austin, a resident of Washington, has had 44 children, only 11 of them born alive. She had twins thirteen times and triplets six times. Her sister, Mrs. Carrie Kinney, aged forty-three, has had twenty-six children, and her husband's sister has had forty-one children, making a total of 111 for three women.

Judah P. Benjamin, formerly Secretary of State for the Southern Confederacy, has forwarded $500 from London for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers at New Orleans.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY!

Z. G. HEGE, OF SALEM, N. C. | M. B. BITTING, OF BETHLEHEM, PA.

SIEWERS'

OLD FURNITURE & COFFIN SHOP AGAIN OPENED.

THE WINSTON FURNITURE AND COFFIN COMPANY have rented J. D. SIEWERS' CABINET SHOP and all the machinery, where they intend to keep on hand and make to order, all kinds of FURNITURE and COFFINS. They have the most competent mechanics in their employment, and are able to do any kind of jobs ordered from them.

All kinds of REPAIRING, UPHOLSTERING, SAW FILING, &c., done in the most thorough and skillful manner.

Z. G. Hege will be glad to see all his old friends, in town and country, at any time.

A full supply of COFFINS, all sizes, always on hand.

Call at the Shop opposite Piedmont Warehouse, Winston, N. C., and at J. D. Siewers' Old Stand, Salem, N. C. Address,

WINSTON FURNITURE & COFFIN CO.

Winston and Salem, Sept. 5, 1878. 1y.

Dr. V. O. Thompson,

Druggist & Pharmaceutist,

Winston, N. C.

HAS THE **Oldest and Largest Drug House** in Winston. He is constantly increasing and improving his stock.

Goods are sold as cheap as any reliable house can sell.

Particular attention paid to compounding medicines,

Call on us before purchasing,

PAINTS, OILS & DYE-STUFFS

A SPECIALTY.

November 29, 1877. 12 mos.

SALE OF Valuable Real Estate

BY VIRTUE OF A CERTAIN DEED OF TRUST made ro me as Trustee for I. G. LASH, on the 12th day of June, 1877, by Samuel T. Mickey and wife, I will sell at public auction for cash, on Wednesday the 9th day of October next, at the door of the First National Bank of Salem, N. C., Lot 122 on Salt Street, in the town of Salem, with good two story brick dwelling and all necessary outhouses. Also at the same time and place, a certain tract of land lying about 4 miles from Salem, near the Clemmonsville road, known as MICKEY'S VINEYARD, containing some 61 acres more or less.

W. A. LEMLY, Trustee.

September 3, 1878 36: tds.

☞ **Sale Postponed to Nov. 1st.**

SEMPER PARATUS.

PATTERSON & CO.

OF SALEM,

KEEP IN STOCK AND OFFER AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, A

Fine & Varied Assortment of Dress Goods,

BLEACHED MUSLINS, Choice Styles New FALL PRINTS, NOTIONS, and FANCY GOODS, including Hosiery, Buttons, Threads, Gloves, Toilet Soaps, &c. Looking Glasses of different sizes, Umbrellas at all prices. Choice COFFEES and SUGARS,

OIL CLOTHS, Floor and Table, Daily expected, A fine lot of LADIES' VEILS, Gentlemen's Saxony and Nutria HATS. TOILET and LAUNDRY SOAPS.

A. T. Stewart & Co's Superior CASHMERES and ALPACAS. Our Agency for CARPETS continues, and we can offer all styles at from 10 to 15 percent less than last winter' sprices. Goods delivered promptly in Winston and Salem, and mailable packages sent to the country, free of charge,

AUGUST 8th, 1878.

HINSHAW & CO., AGENTS,

OPPOSITE PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE.

WINSTON, N. C.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GRASS SEEDS, FERTILIZERS & DRIED FRUITS.

RECEIVE NEW GOODS NEARLY EVERY DAY, AND ALL THEIR ROOMS are kept filled with well selected Goods which they sell at **BOTTOM PRICES.** They invite their customers and public generally, to call and examine for themselves. They have a

MOST VARIED AND COMPLETE STOCK,

and one of

THE LARGEST IN TOWN,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

500 PIECES PRINTS, ASSORTED;

Best Stock of Black Alpacas in Winston;

COTTON YARNS, SHEETINGS, PLAIDS, GINGHAMS, DRILLING, LINSEYS, WORSTEDS DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, CASSIMERS, ERIES' JEANS, CLOTHS, JEANS, LINENS, COTTINETTS, SKIRTS, GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' MERINO UNDERWEAR and BLANKETS. A FULL LINE OF NOTIONS, MEN'S GLOVES, HATS, HARDWARE, NAILS, WHITE LEAD, (cheap) OILS, VARNISHES, HORSE AND MULE SHOES, AXES, ROPE, GLASS, PUTTY, WOODENWARE, DRUGS, CANNED GOODS, OYSTERS, CRACKERS, GROCERIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, FINE AND COMMON SYRUP, MEAT, LARD, COFFEE, SUGAR, &C. 500 SACKS COARSE AND FINE SALT. 2,000 POUNDS OF SOLE LEATHER, 2,000 PAIRS BOOTS AND SHOES OF EVERY GRADE. CALL AND SEE THEM.

We keep a full line of SHOES FOR LADIES AND MISSES, made at Winchester, Va., every pair of which we warrant. We also have a very large stock of all grades of other shoes.

DRIED FRUITS AND ALL COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR MERCHANDISE.

Our facilities for handling Goods and Produce are not surpassed by any house, here or elsewhere, in this country, and we at all time pay full market price for all saleable produce. All our prices are based on Cash.—We do this believing it to be the fairest way for both seller and buyer.

ALLISON & ADDISON'S "STAR BRAND"

COMPLETE MANURE FOR TOBACCO AND WHEAT.

Is the cheapest Fertilizer, according to grade, on the market, and has given almost universal satisfaction. Standard guaranteed. We refer to 300 farmers in this and adjoining counties, who have been and are using it. We also keep fresh ground PLASTER and No. 1 PERUVIAN GUANO.

ALL OUR SEEDS ARE FIRST CLASS,

and are from the well known Seedsmen of Richmond, Va., Allison & Addison. We now have in stock both at wholesale and retail, in any quantities, Clover Seed, Orchard Grass Seed, Herd's Grass Seed, Timothy Seed, Blue Grass Seed, German Millet Seed, and other varieties of Seeds.

ISAAC H. NELSON, of Stokes County,
NEWTON H. MEDEARIS, of Forsyth County,
JOHN W. MILLER, of Davidson County,

are with us and invite their friends to come and see them. They offer to the trade inducements unsurpassed by any house here. Respectfully,

HINSHAW & CO., Agents.

Winston, Aug. 8th, 1878.

Trees and Plants.

WE invite the attention of Planters to our large and complete stock of Standard and Dwarf

APPLE TREES,

Standard and Dwarf

PEACH TREES,

Standard and Dwarf

PEAR TREES,

APRICOT, CHERRY, QUINCE NECTARINE, Trees, of the most improved varieties. GRAPE VINES, STRAWBERRY AND RASPBERRY PLANTS.

☞ Our Descriptive Catalogue sent free Address

CRAFT & SAILOR.

Cedar Cove Nursery,

Red Plains, Yadkin County, N. C.

Pond's Medicines.

HEALING AND COMFORTING.

TOILET SOAP—A mild form of POND'S EXTRACT, for *bathing* and *softening the skin, &c.*

OINTMENT—For *Burns, Scalds, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Eruption, Chapped Hands, Piles, &c.*

PLASTER—VERY SUPERIOR, of deserved repute in cases of *Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pains in the Back, Pleurisy, &c.*

CATARRH REMEDY.—Embodies the HEALING VIRTUES OF POND'S EXTRACT, which is a great specific for *Catarrh*, modified especially for delicate and sensitive cases.

FOR SALE AT THE SALEM BOOKSTORE.

FOR SALE.

ONE BUREAU, ONE BOOKCASE, ONE WARDROBE.

Can be seen at the residence of Mr. C. L. Rights. Terms made known on applying to Mr. T. F. Crist.

CARPETS, CARPETS,

CARPETS.

THE people of this vicinity have long felt the necessity of having a larger and better assortment of Carpets to select from than has ever been kept in the place before. *That want is now fully supplied.* We have secured the exclusive use of

Richardson's Carpet Exhibitor,

A WONDERFUL INVENTION

for showing Carpets; a brief description of the use of which we give below.

With the use of the CARPET EXHIBITOR, we show from a Sample just how the Carpet looks on a very large room, multiplying the Sample a thousand times, matched and shown as perfect as when the carpet is made up and nailed upon the floor. In this way we are now prepared to show you a

NEW YORK WHOLESALE STOCK.

We have made special arrangements with one of the *Largest Houses* in New York, to fill all our orders for Carpets, and will show you a larger assortment to select from than has ever been kept outside of a wholesale house,

We keep samples of all

NEW AND DESIRABLE PATTERNS.

which *are not kept in stock* outside of large cities. This way of buying Carpets has now *become popular*, and we show what you would otherwise have to go to New York to find. We can sell as cheap for *cash* as you can buy for *cash* in New York, and there being no remnants to take off the profits, we are enabled to sell on a very small commission, and most respectfully invite the public to examine our stock, and satisfy themselves.

IF YOU WANT A CARPET

of any dimensions, bring a correct measure of your room and we guarantee to suit you

Please call and see us, whether you wish to buy or not, as it is no trouble to show goods.

PATTERSON & CO.,

CARPETS, DRY GOODS and GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Main Street, Salem, N. C.

NEW STYLES OF Paper & Envelopes,

AT THE BOOK STORE.

The People's Press.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Registration Books are now open at W. B. Johnson's residence in Winston. Those who have not yet performed this duty, should not delay.

The Moravian Synod of the Southern Province, will meet in this place, on the 20th of November, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

On Tuesday evening last, the following lay-delegates were elected by the congregation of Salem, to represent them in this synod:

Messrs. J. W. Fries, C. T. Pfohl, A. A. Spaugh, H. W. Short, J. D. Siewers, Jas. T. Lineback, Dr. J. W. Hunter, Dr. J. F. Shaffner, Dr. H. T. Bahnson, Dr. N. S. Siewers.

Alternates.—1st, Rev. L. B. Wurreschke; 2nd, Thomas Spaugh; 3rd, J. G. Sides; 4th, E. A. Ebert.

Bishop Atkinson will preach at the following places, in this vicinity:

Winston, 20th Sunday after Trinity,	Nov.	3
Huntsville, Tuesday,	"	5
Germanton, Stokes, Co., Wednesday,	"	6
Hairston Chapel, Stokes co., Thursday,	"	7
Mountain Chapel, Rockingham co., Saturday,	"	9
Leaksville, 21st Sunday after Trinity.	"	10

Judge Settle was in town last week.

Pure Drugs always at S. H. Smith's.

Surry County sent two convicts to the penitentiary.

Judge Cloud has returned to Winston and is stopping at the Central.

Messrs. A. A. and Thomas Spaugh have returned from their western trip.

Taxes.—The Sheriff is on his second round of tax collecting.

A Methodist E. protracted meeting at Clemmonsville, last week.

Irish potatoes rate with corn and sell for from 40 to 60 cents a bushel.

R. A. Hamilton is spending a few days in Ashe county.

The Baptist Sunday School meets in the afternoon now.

10 hours and 44 minutes of day light is what the Almanac calls for.

Frequent rains interfere with wheat sowing.

Four droves of horses stopped for a few days here the past week.

Wild Pigeons have ceased winging their flight this way.

Rev. W. S. Bynum delivered a sharp sermon in Tise's Hall Sunday evening at 4 p. m.

Three weddings to be between now and Christmas. One of them comes off to-day.

DeGrauff, the willow basket manufacturer, now trundles his wares on a wheelbarrow. Trade is on the increase.

Chestnuts from mountain wagons sell at 5 cents a quart and $100 to $150 per bushel.

At Mrs. Douthit's another nice lot of Ladies' CLOAKS and Shetland Wool SHAWLS. ‡

The Revenue trial has closed, and Col. Tupper, the officiating officer, has returned to Washington to submit his report.

Bishop De Schweinitz is absent visiting Mt. Bethel, Va., and several other Moravian Churches.

A Base Ball Club has been re-organized among the younger boys. Cool and bracing weather calls for active sport.

Snow.—The Blue Ridge was covered with snow last Friday morning, and ice was plentiful.

Plantation for Sale.—A plantation of 105 acres, half woodland, within two miles of Winston. Enquire at this office.

Friday evening, November 8th, the Amateur Minstrels propose to give a performance.

S. T. Mickey has taken charge of the Mt. Airy brass band and will give the members a thorough course of training. Sam is an old hand at the business.

Winston's street lamps were only partially lighted Tuesday night. 'Twas raining too, dark, and disagreeable travelling at some places. What's up, Tom? Gas give out?

Surry County's abstract taxes are quoted at: General $1,730.68; Special, $1,770.10; School, $2,936.49; County, $7,285.24.

The husk on the corn ear this fall is very thick, and the weatherwise muskrat is putting double windows in his habitation. Infallible signs, these, of a cold winter, it is said.

Oat-Meal, Condensed Milk and Indian Blood Syrup at S. H. Smith's Drug Store, Winston.

Sweet Potato.—Jacob Yokely, Esq., presents us with a sweet potato, weighing nearly five pounds.

An unmailable letter is at the Post Office directed to Harrison Craver, Farmersville, Collins County, Texas.—No stamp the cause.

—Joseph Reich has removed to the country, some 14 miles above town, where he will carry on the shoe making business and till the soil.

Houdans!—Houdans! !—A Houdan rooster and hens, and young cocks and pullets for sale, at 50 cents apiece. These fowls are excellent layers. Enquire at this office. ‡

Wm. T. Vogler's Jewelry Store has been closed for several days, the proprietor suffering from a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

The revival at the Methodist P. Church is still under way. A number have manifested great interest in their spiritual welfare and there have been several professions of religion.

John Laudac has removed from his home in this vicinty to town, occupying a dwelling on Mrs. Foltz's premises in the lower portion of town.

Rev. E. Rondthaler opened a Bible Class in the Chapel of the Moravian Church, last Sunday. A cordial invitation is extened to all members of the former Bible Class and such young men who may desire, to join. The opening exercises are at 1 o'clock, p. m.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST AT
LANTERNS 75 CENTS.
STOVES, HARDWARE STORE, WINSTON. ALLENS.

Tuesday morning our train due at 12:30 a. m., did not arrive till after 6 a. m. Last week a similar delay occurred. All blame is attached to the R. & D. R. R. failing to make connection at Greensboro.

That smoke pipe friend Mickle gave us is a very good one of its kind and through his kindness and Aunt Sallie Michael's ingenuity we have enjoyed several good puffs and tender him this puff in return.

Capt. Crutchfield, our efficient Rail Road conductor is to be removed from this route to the Richmond & Danville road shortly. The Capt. is a clever and affable gentleman and we regret his going. Has held this position here ever since the road started, 5 years ago.

The Annual Meeting of Friends or Quakers usually held at this season of the year, is in session at New Garden, Guilford county. An excursion train, it is said, will be run from this place Sunday morning.

More Beef.—Messrs. A. S. and Chas. Jones will shortly open a fresh meat market, at the stand below the Vogler Store building. They have just returned from Yadkin county where some extra prime cattle have been purchased.

There were only 8 or 10 teachers of Public Schools present at the forming of the County Association, which took place at the Court-House, Saturday.—The object is to advance to a higher standard the public school system of the county, and all matters of improvement and interest to this cause will be reported and duly considered at the regular meetings of the Association.

The New Garden Fair, we learn from a visitor, was a very pleasant occasion of one day duration. Although the crowd and exhibit was no comparison to the State Fair of the week preceding, yet it was gratifying to see how liberally the surrounding community contributed of their most excellent products.—Finer specimens are seldom seen.

Opossums seem to fancy the haunts of man and prey upon the hen roosts in town. A fair specimen was captured by several boys, recently, while strolling through a neighboring grove, and another intruder caught in Mr. J. A. Lineback's henery a few nights since.

A series of meetings are being held at Pleasant Fork, a few miles below town, commencing last Sunday. The church is of Union principles and ministers of several denominations have been present, Rev's Lowe, J. C. Patterson, and Byron Spaugh, among the number.

Small Business.—A hungry darkey for purloining 12 cents worth of ginger cakes to appense the knawings of the inner man, is the most insignificant case that has yet appeared in Court. Owing to sickness of a witness, the poor fellow's case is continued, and he will be committed to jail for six months (till next term of Court,) unless some special provision be made by his Honor. Magistrates should dispose of such trivial matters.

It is with feelings of regret that we chronicle the death of our late popular Express Agent, Ephraim S. Brown, who only a few days ago took his departure for Tennessee. He reached Max Meadows, Va. where he has relatives and friends residing, when on Saturday last death visited him. For several years past he has been a sufferer from consumption, and was in a feeble state of health when he left this place. His remains were brought here Sunday and interred in the cemetery with Masonic honors, of which fraternity he was a member of high standing. Rev. P. Carraway delivered the funeral sermon in the Methodist E. Church, of which denomination Mr. Brown was a member.

A very pretty vase of woodland leaves is a common sight in windows and on centre tables, preserved for winter's adornment by the ladies. They gather them from the trees, press in a book, then iron on the under side with a waxed iron, moderately warm, and the task is completed. A varied assortment of these summer relics are quite attractive and keep for an indefinite period.

At a recent meeting the following officers was elected by the Winston Light Infantry:

Captain.—John Van.
1st Lieutenant.—R. T. Steadman.
2nd " Ed. Wilson.
3rd " J. H. Brown.

The Sergeant, Orderly Sergant and officers of lower rank are yet to be appointed. A regular dress parade of the company will take place Monday evening.

Toilet and Fancy Soaps, in great variety at Smith's Drug Store, Winston.

Court.—There is very little of interest to report, although we find the docket filled with numerous petty cases, requiring much time and exposne to dispose of.

Mr. Wm. F. Shultz acted as foreman of the Grand Jury.

The following decisions of imprisonment have been rendered in cases on the criminal docket:

State vs. John Hughes, larceny, to the penitentiary for three years.

State vs. Lewis Yokely, larceny, 8 years to penitentiary.

State vs. Jacob Teauge, for attempt at rape, 10 years in penitentiary.

State vs. Daniel Wear, larceny, to penitentiary for 5 years.

State vs. Henry Wilson and Betty Jenkins, co-habiting. to county jail for 12 months.

State vs. Joseph Sheeks and Elizabeth Jenkins, co-habiting, imprisonment in county jail till payment of $25 fine and costs.

The civil docket has been taken up for the remainder of the term.

An Astonishing Fact.

A large portion of the American people are to-day dying from the effects of Dyspepsia or disordered liver. The result of these diseases upon the masses of intelligent and valuable people is most alarming, making life actually a burden instead of a pleasant existence of enjoyment and usefulness as it ought to be. There is no good reason for this, if you will only throw aside prejudice and skepticism, take the advice of Druggists and your friends, and try one bottle of Green's Augnst Flower. Your speedy relief is certain. Millions of bottles of this medicine have been given away to try its virtues, with satisfactory results in every case. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents. Three doses will relieve the worst case. Positively sold by all Druggists on the Western Continent.

MARRIED.

In San Diego, Texas, on the 9th of October, Mr. William Owens, of San Diego, to Mrs. Sallie Spaugh, formerly of this place.

THE MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
PATTERSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS.

PRODUCE.

Wheat, $1.00 to $1.10; Old corn, 56 to 00; New corn, 00; Rye, 50 to 55; Oats, 30; Flaxseed, $1 00; Feathers, (new)40; Butter 12½ to 15; Eggs, 10; Beeswax, 21 to 24; Flour, $2 50 to $0 00; Meal, per lb., 1½c.; Bacon, Western Sides, 8 to 8½; Home Sides, 8; Hams, 10; Shoulders, 7; Lard, 9 to 10; Chickens, 12½ to 15.

DRIED FRUIT.

Blackberries, 4½; Cherries, 12½ to 13½; Apples, 3 to 5; Unpared Halves, 2 to 0; Unpared Quarters 2. Choice Pared Peaches 8½. Damsons, 9.

STAPLE GOODS.

Sugars, Brown 8½ to 9½; White, 10½ to 12½; Coffees, Rio, 15 to 19; Extra Fancy, 20; Yarns, 90; Sheeting 6½ to 7; Plaids, 8¾ to 9; Soda, 5; Kerosene Oil, per gallon, 18; Syrup, per gallon, 25; Salt, per sack, $1 10, $1 15, $1 20, $1 90.

The above represents wholesale prices. Retail prices are higher, except for salt.

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs, Dark	$1 50 to	$2 50
" Good,	2 60 to	3 00
" Fine,	0 00 to	0 00
Smokers Common,	3 50 to	4 50
" Good,	5 00 to	6 00
" Fine,	7 00 to	10 00
Red Leaf Common	2 50 to	3 00
" " Good	3 50 to	5 00
" " Fine	7 00 to	10 00
Bright Wrappers, Common.	10 00 to	12 00
" " Good,	15 00 to	20 00
" " Fine	25 00 to	40 00
" " Fancy	50 00 to	75 00

Last Call for Taxes.

In compliance to the requirements of law I will make a second round for the purpose of collecting the unpaid taxes now due. I will meet tax payers at the following times and places:

Butner's Hotel, Friday,	Nov.	15th, 1878.
Old Town, Saturday,	"	16th, "
Ben. Hampton's, Monday,	"	18th, "
Lewisville, Tuesday,	"	19th, "
Vienna, Wednesday.	"	20th, "
E. L. Reid's, Thursday,	"	21st, "
Bethania, Friday,	"	22nd, "
Bitting's Store, Saturday,	"	23rd, "
Crew's School House, Monday,	"	25th, "
Widow Clinard's, Tuesday,	"	26th, "
Jno. Robertsons' Wednesday,	"	27th, "
Kernersville, Thursday,	"	28th, "
Crims' X Roads, Friday,	"	29th, "
Salem Chapel, Saturday,	"	30th, "
Winston, Monday & Tuesday,	Dec.	2nd & 3d.

The delinquent tax payers are earnestly requested to meet me at the above appointments and pay up. I am compelled to settle and will have to put the taxes in the hands of officers for collection, if not paid on this round. Costs will be saved.

J. G. HILL, Sheriff.

Oct. 23rd, 1878.

SHOES! SHOES!!
WE have in stock a full line of
LADIES' FINE SHOES,
from the celebrated manufacturers,
Messrs. T. MILES & SON and ZEIGLER BROS., of Philadelphia.
PRICES much reduced and quality of goods unsurpassed.
PATTERSON & CO.
Salem, N. C., August 26, 1878.

VEGETINE.
Rev. J. P. LUDLOW, Writes:
178 Baltic Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Nov. 14, 1874.
H. R. Stevens, Esq.
Dear Sir.—From personal benefit received by its use, as well as from personal knowledge of those whose cures thereby have seemed almost miraculous, I can heartily and sincerely recommend the Vegetine for the complaints which it is claimed to cure.
JAMES P. LUDLOW,
Late Pastor Calvary Baptist Church, Sacramento, Cal.

VEGETINE
SHE RESTS WELL.
South Poland, Me., Oct., 11, 1876.
Mr. Stevens:
Dear Sir:—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless at nights, and had no appetite. Since taking the Vegetine I rest well and relish my food. Can recommend the Vegetine for what it has done for me.
Yours respectfully, Mrs. Albert Ricker.
Witness of the above,
Mr. George M. Vaughan,
Medford, Mass.

VEGETINE
GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN.
Boston Home, 14 Tyler Street,
Boston, April, 1876.
Mr. H. R. Stevens:
Dear Sir:—We feel that the children in our home have been greatly benefited by the Vegetine you have so kindly given us from time to time, especially those troubled with the Scrofula. With respect,
Mrs. N. Wormell, Matron.

VEGETINE
Rev. O. T. WALKER, Says:
Providence, R. I., 164 Transit St.
H. R. Stevens, Esq.
I feel bound to express with my signature the high value I place upon your Vegetine. My family have used it for the last two years. In nervous debility it is invaluable, and I recommend it to all who may need an invigorating tonic. O. T. WALKER,
Formerly Pastor Bowdoin-square Church, Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE.
NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.
South Salem, Mass., Nov. 14, 1876.
Mr. H. R. Stevens.
Dear Sir:—I have been troubled with Scrofula, Canker, and Liver Complaint for three years. Nothing ever did me any good until I commenced using the Vegetine.—I am now getting along first-rate, and still using the Vegetine. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints.—Can heartily recommend it to everybody.
Yours truly,
Mrs. LIZZIE M. PACKARD,
No. 16 Lagrange Street, South Salem, Mass.

VEGETINE.
Recommended it Thoroughly.
Mr. Stevens. South Boston.
Dear Sir:—I have taken several bottles of your Vegetine, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, and General Debility of the system. I can heartily recommend it to all sufferers from the above complaints.
Yours respectfully,
Mrs. MUNROE PARKER.

VEGETINE
Prepared by
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.
Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

STOVES-STOVES-STOVES!

THE UNDERSIGNED has the largest and most complete assortment of
COOKING STOVES
AND
HEATING STOVES
ever offered in this market and at greatly REDUCED PRICES.
Stove Pipes and Fixtures
always on hand.
ROOFING AND GUTTERING
promptly attended to. A general assortment of
TIN WARE,
Wholesale and Retail, always to be found at the "BIG COFFEE POT. Prices to suit the times.
J. E. MICKEY.
Salem, N. C., Oct. 24, 1878.

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Granite Work for Building and Grave yard purposes. All Monuments and Tombs executed in the FINEST STYLE. None employed but
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Winston, N. C., August, 1877.—no.30.

NOTICE.
HAVING qualified as Administrators on the estate of Israel G. Lash, on the 1st day of May, 1878, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and settlement. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them for payment within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.
THOS. B. LASH, } Admistrators
W. A. LASH, } of
W. A. LEMLY, } Israel G. Lash.
May 16, 1878-tf.

CHROMOS Cheap, Cheaper, Cheapest At the BOOKSTORE.

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I WOULD MOST RESPECTFULLY INform the citizens of Winston, Salem and the surrounding country that I have opened a
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HAVANA AND SEED CIGARS
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I will keep on hand the following brands of Cigars:
Churrica,
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The Pride of Winston,
The Pride of Salem,
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Little Conrad, and
The Standard Habana.
My Store is fitted up exclusively for
SMOKER'S GOODS,
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SMOKING TOBACCO,
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Meerschaum, Briar, Apple and Clay. Also Cigarettes and Cigarette Holders. All kinds of Cigar Holders, Cigar Cases, and all other goods that are to be found in any first-class store on Broadway, New York.
CALL and EXAMINE
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Store on Court House Square (Dr. V. O. Thompson's Old Stand.)
SAM'L MERRILL.
Winston, N. C., Oct. 3—1878. 6 mo.

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GUIDE BOOK
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Having opened a new and splendid assortment of Goods in my line, I offer them at such prices as will bring them within the means of all to purchase the LATEST STYLES of NEW FALL AND WINTER
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A lot of best twilled SILK PARASOLS and SUN PROTECTORS, SHETLAND WOOL FRINGE, &c., &c.
Mrs. Douthit returns thanks for the very liberal encouragmeent received, and hopes to be able to please her friends and the public, in future.
Salem, N. C., Sept. 26, 1878.

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Fashionable Merchant Tailor,
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Keeps constantly on hand a fine line of Foreign and Domestic Cloths Cassimeres and Suitings.
TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS A CUTTER
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LADIES:
Anticipating a fine trade this season, we have bought largely, and now have the pleasure of inviting your attention to
AN ATTRACTIVE AUTUMN AND WINTER STOCK
at prices surprisingly cheap.
A beautiful line of Galloon and Hercules Braids, Ball and other Worsted Fringes, so much in demand for Cloak and Dress Trimmings.
Newest styles in Buttons, Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, Laces, Neckwear, &c.
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Have just added to our Stock a nice line of Perfumeries, Hair Oils, &c.
We call particular attention to our beautiful line of Glass and Lava Ware, suitable for Christmas and Birthday presents *just received*, consisting of Toilet Setts, Vases, Card Stands
Those at a distance will be amply repaid by a visit to our Store.
In the selection of Goods the interest of the customer is kept constantly in view, knowing that taking care of those who buy of us is equivalent to taking care of ourselves, tha is, winning our customers' confidence and their continued patronage.
Respectfully,
tf. J. BLICKENDERFER.
JOHN G. WILLIAMS, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President,
W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
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HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,
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FIFTY-FIRST YEAR.
THE FARMERS' AND PLANTERS'
ALMANAC
FOR THE YEAR
1879,
CONTAINING
the usual Astronomical Calculations, carefully and correctly prepared. Interest Table. Agricultural Matter. Lore of Fun. Useful Receipts. Home Enterprise. Government, Public Works, Courts and Members of Congress of North Carolina. Government of the United States. Courts of South Carolina and South-Western Virginia. Rates of Postage, &c.
Last year three editions of this popular Almanac were issued.
Early orders are respectfully solicited.
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JUST RECEIVED a lot of the above justly celebrated INKS.
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The Violet Ink copies beautifully without blurring.
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Salem, N. C., Oct. 10, 1878.

Geo. B. Everitt,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
WINSTON, N. C.,
WILL practice in the Courts of the Eighth Judicial District, in the Supreme Court, and in the Federal Courts.
OFFICE in the one occupied by the late Col. Masten.
All business intrusted to my care shall receive prompt attention.
We know Mr. Everitt well; he is an accomplished gentleman and a good lawyer, and we cheerfully recommend him as such to the citizens of Forsyth.
Judge R. P. Dick, Hon. W. N. H. Smith, W. H. Bailey, C. S. Hauser, S. C. C. 34-tf

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In short, we will try to give you at
Gray's Old Stand,
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AT ALLEN'S CORNER,
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A Plenty.

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For Pamphlets address Dr. Sanford, New York.
FOR SALE AT THE
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Agriculture.

Burned Earth and Peat

The simple process of burning a thing in the usual way, is the readiest and most complete destruction of every valuable or injurious ingredient in any article, and when it is desirable to get rid of a thing with the least possible trouble, or to derive the least benefit from it, the quickest and most effectual way of doing so is to bury or burn it. In burning, the good and the bad are etherealized and sent off into the atmosphere to gather in clouds and vapors, and return to the earth in snow and rain as ammonia or other life-giving ingredients of vegetation.

But when all these ingredients which are thus thrown off in open burning, can be retained or stored up, the best fertilizing elements are still retained, and although the residue is not as valuble as if the same article had been properly decomposed and all its ingredients saved, still for many purposes the closed burning process is the most desirable. Such is the case with burned peat or muck and earth, when wanted as absorbents or deodorizers. The great value of these when burned is, that besides retaining nearly all their value as fertilizers, they have added to them the ingredients of the other material used in burning, and are the best deordorizers for cess-pools, stables, henhouses, and also the best absorbents of liquids, which the farmer can easily obtain.

But the burning process must be carefully attended to, and consists in covering any convenient refuse matter completely, after the manner of a charcoal heap, with peat or dirt, and letting it burn slowly. Brush, weeds, old decayed timber, corn stalks, or any other material that can be easily obtained, and which, from its coarse character, cannot be conveniently composted in the manure-heap, may be thus profitably treated. In the operation, the earthy covering will absorb the fertilizing ingredients of the smoke and ashes of the refuse heap. No smoke should, therefore, be allowed to escape, except that passing through the muck or earth, and these should be thoroughly pulverized and kept dry, as they are then most effective, and can be most conveniently applied. The muck, peat, or earth is not entirely reduced to ashes, nor is it desirable that it should be, but it is thoroughly dried, while all its sourness is removed and enough potash added to render it more valuable in the compost heap. In this condition it is an excellent absorbent of liquid manure in the stable or cess-pool, and a first-class deodorizer in water-closets, hogpens, or poultry-houses; and, in fact, is useful wherever any bad odors arise, or where liquid manures would otherwise be wasted. A barn-yard having a water-tight basin in the centre, will, if this burned dirt is regularly added to the manure-heap, and removed as often as saturated, furnish an immense supply of the best manure.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Lay in Your Wood.

No good farmer will neglect to cut wood the coming winter, to be used a year hence, as it is poor management to burn green wood; and it is always best to have your wood for your family's use to be under cover, and so connected with the house that it can be got at from the kitchen without going out of doors. If your wood-house is of ample size, it will afford you a place to do many little jobs in rainy weather, and your boys can split the wood under it, and pile it up on wet days. When I see a farmer's wood pile at his kitchen door—a lot of logs to be cut as the wood is wanted, and *green* at that, I know his entire character; and I might write it out thus: This man was brought up from boyhood to be slack in his farm duties, doing nothing but what he could not well omit. He has no idea of there being any benefit in "*driving things*," and he takes the world "easy." He denies that there has been any progress made in farming since he was a boy; consequently, his farm, buildings, and general surroundings have an ancient look, just as farms had fifty years ago; and his children are growing up to be "chips of the old block," and his boys will, probably, die as their father will, with a *pile of green wood at their doors.*

If a farmer has no other reason why he should provide dry wood for his family, except that it is cheaper than green wood, as regards the heat given out, that alone ought to be sufficient inducement for him to provide it; but the comfort of sitting by a dry-wood fire in winter of itself ought to stimulate every farmer to have an ample-sized wood-house, filled with a year's supply of wood, and cut of the size suitable for use, as having to cut and split wood daily, as it is used, is a way of managing fuel that no good farmer should tolerate.

One Way to Kill Moths.

Not long ago a large hotel was burned at Selma, Alabama, and during the burning a continuous swarm of moths from the cotton fields on the other side of the river, attracted by the light, poured into the flames. There were not thousands, but millions of them; and the volume did not diminish while the attraction lasted. Hundreds witnessed the scene, and all were surprised at the number of moths thus tempted to destruction. It is suggested that bright fires of brush or other waste material, during the season of moths, might be an effectual and economical means of getting rid of these pests, or rather their voracious and expensive offspring.

Agricultural Notes.

Nineteen thousand sheep from one county in Texas alone are being grazed on the North Platte.

New York has 241,839 farms, containing 25,659,266 acres, about two-thirds of which is reported as improved land.

A farm hand for harvesting is paid, in Central Italy, seven cents a day, and considers himself a lucky man to find employment at that rate.

Farmers of the Pacific coast begin to complain of insect depredations, and during the past season potato rot was quite a serious drawback in some parts of Washington Territory.

Very few of the great minds of the country have come from the city, or the cradle of the rich. The farm and the workshop have supplied by far the largest number of our eminent men.—*Dr. Hall.*

Nearly one thousand cars of wheat, aggregating about four hundred thousand bushels, were received at Toledo, O., during twenty-four hours, the other day, being the largest amount ever received there in the same length of time.

The number ef eggs annually laid by a fowl is estimated at fifty-two, which would weigh about six pounds; and as a fowl seldom weighs more than three pounds, a hen lays, annually, double her own weight. Seventeen eggs will weigh, on the average, two and one-fifth pounds.—*London Grocer.*

Some farmers in Walde county, Me., are trying the Miller system of feeding stock in winter, which consists of corn-meal alone, disusing hay entirely. One farmer in Unity has fed a cow for twenty days upon three quarts of meal daily, and the animal thrives. It is said a cow can be wintered by this system for $12.

A well-to-do farmer of Brighton, Mich., gave two gentlemanly-appearing sharpers a dinner at his house. On leaving they passed him a silver half dollar in payment for the meal, and also wished he would sign his name to a little book, a way they had of keeping account of their expenses. To accommodate such good-natured fellows he did as requested. Not long after he was informed his note for $75 was in a third party's hands, and his half dollar is bogus.

"A York State man" is credited with a novel method of keeping beef fresh and sweet all winter long. He simply cuts it into convenient pieces and exposes these where they will freeze solid, wraps each in paper, ties with twine, and buries in a bin of wheat, or peas, or barley, or "any other heavy grain." Beef preserved in this way, he has eaten "on the first of April" (suspicious date), and it was "more tender than the week it was killed."

To prevent saddle-galls, the saddle should be lined with some smooth, hard substance. Flannel or woolen cloth is bad. A hard, finished, smooth, rawhide lining, similar to those of the military saddles, is preferable. Then if the saddle is properly fitted to the horse's back, there will be no galls unless the horse is very hardly used. Galls should be washed with soap and water, and then with a solution of three grains of copperas or blue vitriol to one tablespoonful of water, which will harden the surface, and help to restore the growth of the skin. White hairs growing upon galled spots cannot be prevented.—*Nebraska Farmer.*

Domestic.

GROWING SMILAX IN THE HOUSE.—The beautiful winter climber—the graceful queen of decorative vines—is adapted alike to the greenhouse and conservatory. This plant is a specialty with Boston florists, by all of whom it is grown successfully as a house plant. The seed should be sown in a box, or in pots, in the house; should be kept moist till the young plant appears. The seed being rather slow to germinate, you must not think it bad if it does not make its appearance in two weeks. The young plants should be potted off into three-inch pots as soon as they are three or four inches high. Once a year the bulbs should be allowed to dry off and rest; they will start into growth again in about six weeks. The vine does not require the full sun, but will grow in a partially shaded situation. It can be trained on a small thread across the window or around pictures. It is a climbing vine, and will attach itself to a string in about the right condition to use for wreaths, etc., or when required for lighter work, the branches which become entangled can be separated.

Household Receipts.

APPLE JELLY.—Core, and cut out all bad spots from the apples, then add a very little water, and stew as for apple sauce; when done put into a bag and hang up to drain; when cool enough squeeze gently; be careful not to get the pulp through. To a pint of juice add a pound of sugar; boil twenty minutes and it is done.

BAKED HALIBUT.—Buy about four pounds of halibut; put it in your baking pan, dredge with a little flour and salt; cut up some salt pork in minute bits and place on top; pour hot water in your pan, and bake about one hour. Make a gravy of egg, butter, flour and water, in quantity to suit.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Take two good-sized apples, stew them and sweeten; grate in the rind of one lemon, and stir together with the yolk of one egg. Put in a paste in the bottom only, and bake till done. Then take the white of the egg and beat it up with sugar; put on top and put back in oven a few minutes.

LEMON PUDDING.—One pint of white sugar, one-quarter of a pound of butter, three lemons, four wine glasses of water, the yolks of four eggs; cook down thick and pour over sponge cake sliced in a pan. Beat the whites of four eggs with two tablespoonfuls of white sugar to each white of egg, and put over the top of the pudding. Let it remain in the oven just long enough to become a light brown.

DRIED HERBS.—When you buy a bunch of dried herbs rub the leaves through a sieve, and bottle them tightly until you need them. Tie the stalks together and save them until you want to make what the French call a bouquet for a soup or stew. A bouquet of herbs is made by tying together a few sprigs of parsley, thyme, and two bay leaves. The bay leaves, which have the flavor of laurel, can be bought at any German grocery or drug store, enough to last for a long time for five cents.

PICCALILLI.—One peck green tomatoes, quarter peck sliced onions, slice and salt over night, one handful scraped horse-radish, ounce turmeric powder, ounce each of cloves and cinnamon, quarter pound whole pepper, pound each of mustard seed and flour mustard; put in a large preserving kettle alternate layers of tomatoes, onions, cauliflower, some sliced green pickles which have been cut up and salted over night, also one or two green peppers, with all the other ingredients; cover the whole with vinegar; boil fifteen or twenty minutes, stirring carefully. Pour off all the water that forms on the pickle when they lay in the salt.

COLDSLAW.—With a sharp knife—there are knives made for the express purpose—cut up nicely a firm head of cabbage. Sprinkle it with as much pepper and salt as you think necessary. Beat up the yolk of one egg, add a lump of butter the size of a walnut, a gill of cream, the same quantity of vinegar, a tablespoonful of sugar, an even teaspoonful of mustard, and a pinch of bruised celery seed. Heat these condiments, mixed together, in a tin cup; put the slaw in an oven, and pour the mixture over it boiling hot; stir it till well mixed, and the cabbage slightly coddled, then send to the table hot.

VIENNA ROLLS.—Have ready, in a bowl, a teaspoonful of butter, make it soft by warming, mix together one quart of flour and two teaspoonfuls and a half of Royal baking-powder, then sift them and put with the butter. Take more or less sweet milk as you may think necessary to form a dough of usual stiffness; put into the milk one-half teaspoonful of salt, then stir it into the flour with a spoon, forming the dough, which turn out on a board, and knead sufficiently to make smooth; roll out half an inch thick and cut with a large round cutter; then fold each one over to form a half-round, wetting a little between the folds to make them stick together; place them on buttered pans, so as not to touch, wash them over on top to give them a gloss, and then bake immediately, in a hot oven, about twenty minutes.

PRESERVED QUINCES.—Pare, quarter and core the fruit, saving the skins and cores. Put the quinces over the fire with just enough water to cover them, and simmer till perfectly tender, but do not let them break. Take out the fruit and spread on dishes to cool; add the parings and cores to the water in which the quinces were boiled, and cook one hour; then strain through a jelly-bag, and to each pint of this liquor allow a pound of sugar. Boil and skim this, then put in the fruit and boil fifteen minutes. Take it off the fire and let it stand in a deep dish twenty-four hours, then drain off the syrup and let it boil again; put in the quinces and cool fifteen minutes. Take out the fruit and spread on dishes to cool; boil down the syrup thick; put the fruit in your jars until two-thirds full, then cover with the syrup.

ROAST PIG.—A month old pig, if well-grown and plump, is best for this purpose. For stuffing take a cupful of bread crumbs, half a chopper onions, two teaspoonfuls powdered sage, three tablespoonfuls melted butter, a salt spoonful of pepper, half a grated nutmeg, half a teaspoonful of salt, two well-beaten eggs. Mix all these ingredients, except the eggs, together, incorporating them well; moisten with half a cup of warm water or milk; beat in the eggs and stuff the pig into its natural size and shape. Sew him up and bind his forefeet backward, his hind feet forward and close to the body and skewering them into the proper position; dry it well and dredge with flour. Put it to roast with a little hot water, slightly salted, in the dripping pan; baste with butter and water three times, as the pig generally warms afterward with the dripping. When it begins to steam rub it over every five minutes or so with a cloth dipped in melted butter. Do not omit these precautions if you would have the skin tender and soft after it begins to brown. A month-old pig will require about an hour and three-quarters or two hours, and sometimes longer, to roast if the fire be brisk and steady.

Scientific.

The Pneumatic Clock.—Among the many wonderful pieces of mechanism to be seen at the Paris Exhibition, the pneumatic clocks exhibited in the Austrian section are not the least interesting. These clocks give exact time to all the clocks of a city simultaneously, whether the distance of the latter from them be six miles or sixty. The system has now been in operation for about two years in Vienna, where the time is sent in this way from the Imperial Observatory, through tubes laid along the gas mains in different parts of the city, to all the public clocks, the hands of which all move by this arrangement at the same time. The city of Paris has recently authorized the "Societes des Horloges" to make a public trial of this pneumatic apparatus, with a view to the possible adoption of the system.

The principle upon which these clocks work is this: "If a column of air, inclosed in a tube at a given tension, be subjected to pressure, it immediately transmits that pressure to all its parts, even the most remote. But the compressed air, after having exerted its force, must be expelled from the tube and replaced by a fresh column; because if the tube were not alternately opened and closed, this column would act precisely like an elastic spring; consequently the mechanical effect on the pistons would be insignificant, and the hands of the clock would remain at a standstill, powerless to move. The pneumatic clocks are at once simple and perfect; they are not likely to get out of order, and the escape of air, even, from the distributing pipes cannot alter their movement. The mechanism is extremely simple, and may be described as follows: Air is injected into a metallic cylindrical reservoir, by means of a hydraulic motor; from thence this air is led into another large cylinder or distributor; it is only used, however, as fast and in such quantities as needed by the regulator. At every minute the air from the regulator enters the lead or iron distributing pipes, and acts on a leather piston inclosed in a small cylinder attached to a lever; and the latter determines the movement of an escapement that moves the hands of the receiving dial. This lever receives the pressure communicated by the central motor, and at every movement causes an escapement wheel to advance one notch, marking one minute of time. At every unlocking of the escapement wheel, the air from the distributor ceases communication with the distributing pipes, and escapes into the atmosphere. The regulator of the central motor, is an endless chain clock as perfect as possible, furnished with a compensating pendulum. This receives astronomical time from the public observatory, and transmits it to the dials, distributed in different quarters of the city, as well as to those of private dwellings. In order to prevent any accident, and as a simple measure of precaution, each central station is provided with twin motors, each complete in all its parts, and only one of which is in operation at a time. These two motors are connected automatically, in such a way that if, through accident, the working machine suddenly stops, the other one at once begins operation, thus preventing the least retardation in the movement of the clocks. These clocks are so constructed that they must work perfectly or not at all; there is no alternative. The invention is due to Mayrhope, an Austrian engineer; but the merit of perfecting it belongs to M. Victor Popp, who during the last two years has attentively watched the working of these clocks at Vienna, correcting and modifying the apparatus day by day, until at length he is able to present a system which is complete and perfect at every standpoint from which it may be regarded. As well known, the experiments made with the electric system have proved impracticable. Electric clocks are among the most unreliable of chronometers, electricity by its very nature being the most capricious of physical agents, and the same intensity of the current varying with the nature, species and charge of the battery, and with the resistance of the conductors, media, exterior temperature, etc. However, by means of ingenious, complicated (and consequently very costly) mechanisms, certain very accurate electric clocks have been constructed, but their high price places them beyond the reach of any but the wealthiest of institutions, and they are consequently unable to respond to a public demand. The invention of pneumatic clocks, then, appears to be of such real utility, and supplies such a pressing necessity, that we may expect to see them gradually adopted by all large cities.—*Scientific American.*

Humorous.

—A fashion item says "marigold" is now a popular shade of yellow. The ladies always were partial to marygold.

—"I now offer you a Rubens," said an auctioneer—"a perfect gem of genius—perhaps the finest painting that came from that master-hand." There was no bid. The auctioneer passed the Rubens, and, taking up another picture, said: "Very well, gentlemen. I now offer you a Rembrandt, by the same artist."

—The following note was actually received a few days ago by a lady from a neighbor. The "Jacob" incidentally referred to was the husband of the writer:

MRS. B——: Will you pleas to lend me a black bonnet and a black hat and 2 black veils and a shall or sack and a pair of gloves and oblige me.

HANNAH V——.

P. S.—Jacob is dead.

—After Lord Macaulay had sailed for India, there were found in his chambers between fifty and sixty strops, hacked into strips and splinters, and razors *galore*. About the same period he hurt his hand, and was induced to send for a barber. After the operation, he asked what was to pay. "Oh, sir," said the man, "whatever you usually give the person who shaves you." "In that case," responded Macaulay, "I should give him a great gash on each cheek."

—Night before last a family man on West Hill peeped out of the hall-door and saw a youth sitting in the moonlight talking to his eldest daughter. The old man made a rush, the young man drifted out into the shrubbery, and as he went over the fence pater made a good line shot and kicked. Then he carried himself into the house on one foot and sat down and wept, and called for witch hazel and arnica, and yelled, "Emeline! What does that young fool plate himself for?" And Emeline said, "Why, pa!" and she and Ferdinand laughed about it the next night until the moon went down.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

HOW HE CURED HIMSELF.—"For many, many years," said the man with the bad eye, "I was troubled, annoyed, positively afflicted with a raging, burning thirst for strong drink and alcoholic beverages. I sought for relief in every way. I sought the advice of physicians and the counsels of friends. I tried various cures recommended by the newspapers, but none of them seemed to do me any good."

"And by what means," asked the clergyman in the tall hat, "did you at length succeed in allaying this terrible thirst?"

"Well," said the man with the bad eye, after a moment's reflection, "I found that old Crow whisky as a steady thing, kind of softened it down and quieted it about as much as anything I tried. When I found the thirst and the burning desire for a drink coming on, I would go and take about three fingers of old Crow and the thirst would pass away, and—"

But as he looked up he saw that his audience had also passed away, and the young clergyman was looking back at him with a sad, yearning, disappointed expression.—*Hawkeye.*

A BIG DAY'S SHOOT.—"Really, my boy, it ain't reasonable! Let's go over to the Cosmopolitan and take a hot-Scotch, and sit down by the stove. 'Pon my word! it makes my blood run cold to hear you talking about hunting and fishing, and picnics, and other summer luxuries, and the thermometer on the down-grade like a runaway stag-team!"

"Oh! but this is honest—just as true as that two and two makes four."

"I don't doubt your word, my boy! But—honest 'Injun!'—your subject is not appropriate to the climatic conditions."

"But this is on the dead square."

"Well, if you must—you must. But be quick about it, for I am freezing to death!"

"Well, you see, he went down on Reese river, one of those hot days last week—to which the frigid atmosphere of to-day is such a striking and startling contrast—taking his gun along, in case he should see a feather or so. You know snipe ain't usually very plentiful in this country; but, you may believe it or not, the bank of the river was just covered with 'em. He blazed away, and blazed, and banged, and kept shooting at them, till his ammunition gave out; and when he came to count his birds he had just one hundred and thirteen of 'em."

"You don't say! I did not believe there were as many snipe as that in Lander county."

"Sure's you live! Well, he brought 'em home, and I met him coming up the street, and he asked me to go up to the house with him and his game, and he would give me a few snipe for breakfast. He had the birds in two barley-sacks; and I, wanting to be obliging—being as he was going to give me some snipe—carried one of the sacks up to the house for him. When we got there we went into the kitchen, and he commenced emptying the sacks out on the floor; and—you may believe it or not, just as you durned choose!—but of that one hundred and thirteen snipe every blessed one of 'em, all but two, were mosquitoes—two snipe and one hundred and eleven mosquitoes!"

"Oh, yes! of course I believe it. And you're the man that intends to go on probation in the church?"

"Oh, no! I ain't a bit dry. I've got an engagement. I want to go downtown and borrow a prospectus of the Paris Exposition, and study up the schedule of premiums for the best American liars!"

BEFUDDLED HUMORISTS.

MARK TWAIN'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH ARTEMUS WARD.

I had never seen him before. He brought letters of introduction from mutual friends in San Francisco, and by invitation I breakfasted with him. It was almost religion, there in the mines, to provide such a meal with whisky cocktails. Artemus, with the true cosmopolitan instinct, always deferred to the customs of the country he was in, and so he ordered three of those abominations. Hingston was present. I am a match for nearly every beverage you can mention except a whisky cocktail, and therefore I said it would go right to my head and confuse me, so that I would be in a helpless tangle in ten minutes: I did not want to act a lunatic before strangers, but Artemus gently insisted, and I drank the treasonable mixture under protest, and felt all the time that I was doing a thing that I might be sorry for. In a minute or two I began to imagine that my ideas were clouded. I waited in great anxiety for the conversation to open, with a sort of vague hope that my understanding would prove clear after all, and my misgivings groundless.

Artemus dropped an unimportant remark or two and then assumed a look of superhuman earnestness and made the following astounding speech. He said:

"Now, there is one thing I ought to ask you about before I forget it. You have been here in Silverland—here in Nevada—two or three years, and, of course, your position on the daily press has made it necessary for you to go down in the mines and examine them carefully in detail. Now, what I want to get at is—is, well, the way deposits of ore are made, you know. For instance: Now, as I understand it, the vein which contains the silver is sandwiched in between castings of granite, and runs along the ground and sticks up like a curbstone.

"Well, take a vein of forty feet thick, for example, or eighty for that matter, or even one hundred; say you go down on it with a shaft, straight down, you know, or with what you call the 'incline,' maybe you go down five hundred feet or maybe you don't go down but two hundred; anyway, you go down, and all the time this vein grows narrower when the castings come nearer or approach each other, you may say, that is when they do approach, which of course they do not always do, particularly in cases where the nature of the formation is such that they stand apart wider than they otherwise would, and which geology has failed to account for, although everything in that science goes to prove that, all things being equal, it would if it did not or would not certainly if it did, and then of course they are. Do not you think it is?"

I said to myself, "Now I just know how it would be. That cussed whisky cocktail has done the business for me. I don't understand any more than a clam." And then I said aloud, "I—I—that is—if you don't mind, would you—would you say that over again? I ought—"

"Oh, certainly, certainly! You see I am very unfamiliar with the subject, and perhaps I don't present my case clearly, but—"

"No, no—no, no, you state it plain enough, but the vile cocktail has muddled me a little. But I will—no, I do not understand for that matter; but I would get the hang of it all the better if you went over it again, and I'll pay better attention this time."

He said, "Why, what I was after was this." (Here he became even more fearfully impressive than ever and emphasized each particular point by checking it off on his finger ends). This vein, or lode, or ledge, or whatever you may call it, runs along by two layers of granite, just the same as if it were a sandwich. Very well. Now, suppose you go down on that, say 1,000 feet, or maybe 1,200 (it don't really matter), before you drift; and then you start your drifts, some of them across the ledge and others along the length of it, where the sulphurets—I believe they call them sulphurets, though why they should, considering that, so far as I can see, the main dependence of a miner does not so lie, as some suppose, but in which it cannot be successfully maintained wherein the same should not continue, while part and parcel of the same ore not committed to either in the sense referred to, whereas, under different circumstances, the most experienced among us could not detect if it were, or might overlook it if it did, or scorn the very idea of such a thing, even though it were palpably demonstrated as such. Am I not right?"

I said sorrowfully; "I feel ashamed of myself, Mr. Ward. I know I ought to understand you perfectly well, but you see that infernal whisky cocktail has got into my head, and now I cannot understand even the simplest proposition. I told you how it would be."

"Oh, don't mind it, don't mind it; the fault was my own, no doubt, though I did think it clear enough for—"

"Don't say a word. Clear! Why you stated it as clear as the sun to anybody but an abject idiot, but it's that confounded cocktail that has played the mischief."

"No, now don't say that. I'll begin it all over again, and—"

"Don't now; for goodness sake don't do anything of the kind, because I tell you my head is in such a condition that I don't believe I could understand the most trifling question a man could ask me."

"Now don't you be afraid. I'll put it so plain this time that you can't help but get the hang of it. We will begin at the very beginning." (Leaning far across the table, with determined impessiveness wrought upon his every feature, and fingers prepared to keep her at arm's length.

"You know the vein—the ledge—the thing that contains the metal, whereby it constitutes the medium between all other forces, whether of present or remote agencies, so brought to bear in favor of the former against the latter, or the latter against the former, or all, or both, or compromising as possible the relative differences existing within the radius whence culminate the several degrees of similarity to which—"

I said—"Oh, blame my wooden head, it ain't no use! It ain't any use to try! I can't understand anything. The plainer you get it the more I can't get the hang of it."

I heard a suspicious noise behind me, and turned in time to see Hingston dodging behind a newspaper, and quaking with a gentle ecstacy of laughter. I looked at Ward again, and he had thrown off the solemnity and was laughing also. Then I saw that I had been sold—that I had been made the victim of a swindle in the way of a string of plausibly worded sentences that didn't mean anything under the sun.

Artemus Ward was one of the best fellows in the world, and one of the most companionable. It has been said that he was not fluent in conversation, but with the above experience in my mind, I differ.

SAND AND KOTZEBUE.

One day when Sand was sitting alone a friend came into the room. Sand, leaving the book he was reading, ran up to his friend and struck at his face. His friend put up his hands to ward off the blow. Then Sand struck him on the chest. His friend, utterly amazed, asked what might be the meaning of all this nonsense. "You see," Sand answered, with his usual gentle voice, "that is the way to kill a man. You just make a feint at his face, and then he covers it with his hands. This leaves his breast bare for the real blow." Both laughed heartily at what seemed only a joke. But his friend was probably unaware that Sand had been for some time attending dissection lectures at the hospital to learn precisely the position of the heart. No one had any suspicion of his purpose when he set out on foot from Jena to Mannheim. He was a fortnight on the road, and when he arrived at Mannheim he went at once to the house where Kotzebue was staying. Kotzebue was not within, and Sand, who gave a wrong name and stated that he was a countryman of Kotzebue, was told to come again at 5 o'clock. When he returned, punctual to the moment, he was at once admitted to Kotzebue's presence. They were alone together, and what took place is only to be gathered from the subsequent statements of Sand. These statements are variously reported. It is clear, however, that the words spoken by either were few before Sand, exclaiming, "Here, betrayer of the *Vaderland!*" stabbed Kotzebue several times with a poniard. It had originally been his design to flee to France as soon as he had struck the blow. But he was diverted from his purpose. A tiny child 4 years old came running into the room, and seeing its father bleeding upon the floor, burst into an agony of tears. That kind of reaction which is common with men of the excitable and poetic nature instantly came over Sand. The sight of the terror and grief of the child overpowered him. Clasping his dagger again, he plunged it into his own breast. He felt, he said afterward, that he owed this as atonement to the weeping child. Then he ran forth into the street. There had been visitors at the time with Kotzebue's wife; they had now learned what had happened. Throwing open the windows the terrified women screamed to the people below to stop the murderer. A crowd surrounded Sand in a moment. He fell upon his knees, and, with the word "Vaderland" on his lips, stabbed himself a second time. He was borne away to the hospital with the dagger still fixed in his breast. When his wounds were examined it was found that his life was in the utmost danger. Everything was done to restore him; he was tended for mouths by nurses and doctors with the utmost care. For justice was, if possible, not to be deprived of her victim. He who attempts assassination as a cure for tyranny is certain to meet with passionate panegyric and the bitterest obloquy. The wiser few will only think with laughter or tears of the strange shortsightedness of youth which believes that there can be in one dagger-thrust a panacea for bad government and oppression. But the many, invariably on such occasions, either refuse to recognize any moral wrong in what seems to them as honorable as killing a foe on the battle-field, or, rushing to the other extreme, deny that there is any difference between such an act and a murder committed from selfish malice. The crime was, of course, the occasion of feverish excitement in all Germany. The fame of Kotzebue, the youth and beauty of his assailant, and the fact of his lying between life and death at the hospital—all these made the whole seem to be the chapter of some weird romance. The hospital was beset every day by hundreds of persons who wished to see the chief actor in the scene. If they were refused admission could they not be told what he was saying? But nurses and doctors were all bound on oath to reveal nothing. His wound, though most serious, proved not to be mortal. It was evident at least that he would linger on for some time. The Prussian Government was determined to find out if possible, what accomplices he had. Was Sand's act really the final outcome of a conspiracy that had centre in all the universities? Was he obeying the dictates of some Turnverein or Burschenschaft? Every one was ready with a new suggestion; the Government was to beware of dangers lurking in one place or of assassins hiding in another.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

—For half an hour before the circus opened yesterday an anxious-looking middle-aged man was observed walking around nervously, as if he had a free ticket and was afraid the show was on the point of busting up. When the ticket wagon opened he made a rush for it and bought a pasteboard, but while on his way to the tent, ticket in hand, a woman dodged into the procession, seized his collar, and for half a minute the air seemed full of heels.

"Going to the circus, eh?" exclaimed the woman as she slammed him around. "Sneaked out of the back way and made a bee-line for here, did you?"

"Let up on me—stop—for heaven's sake! stop this disgraceful conduct!" he ejaculated as he tried to keep her at arm's length.

"Gentlemen," she said to the crowd, as she held up one foot and then the other, "see them shoes? I've worn 'em better nor a year, and there hain't nothing left but heels and shoe-strings. All the children are just as bad off, and we don't have half enough to eat. That explains why I'm bouncing him—why I'll make his good-for-nothing heels break his good-for-nothing neck!"

They fell over a rope as she grasped him, and in the confusion he broke away, leaving the ticket on the ground. A boy handed it to her, and wiping the mud off her nose with her apron, she said:

"I hain't seen no giraffes, nor clowns, nor snakes, nor hyenas for twenty-five years, and being this 'ere ticket is bought I'll walk in and view the gorgeousness, and the children shall come to-night if I have to pawn the wash-tub to raise the money!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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